

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 794



FEB. 14, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

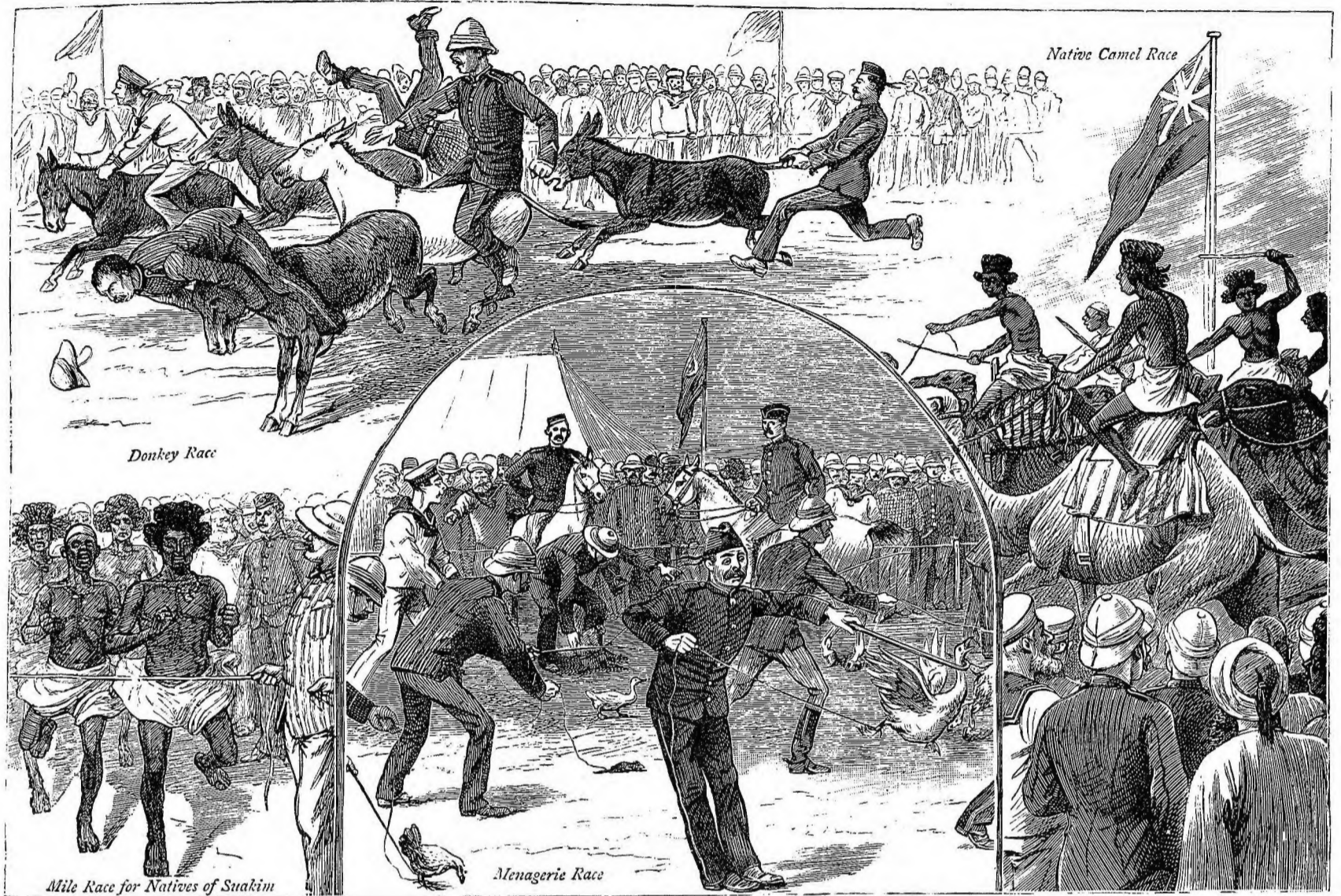
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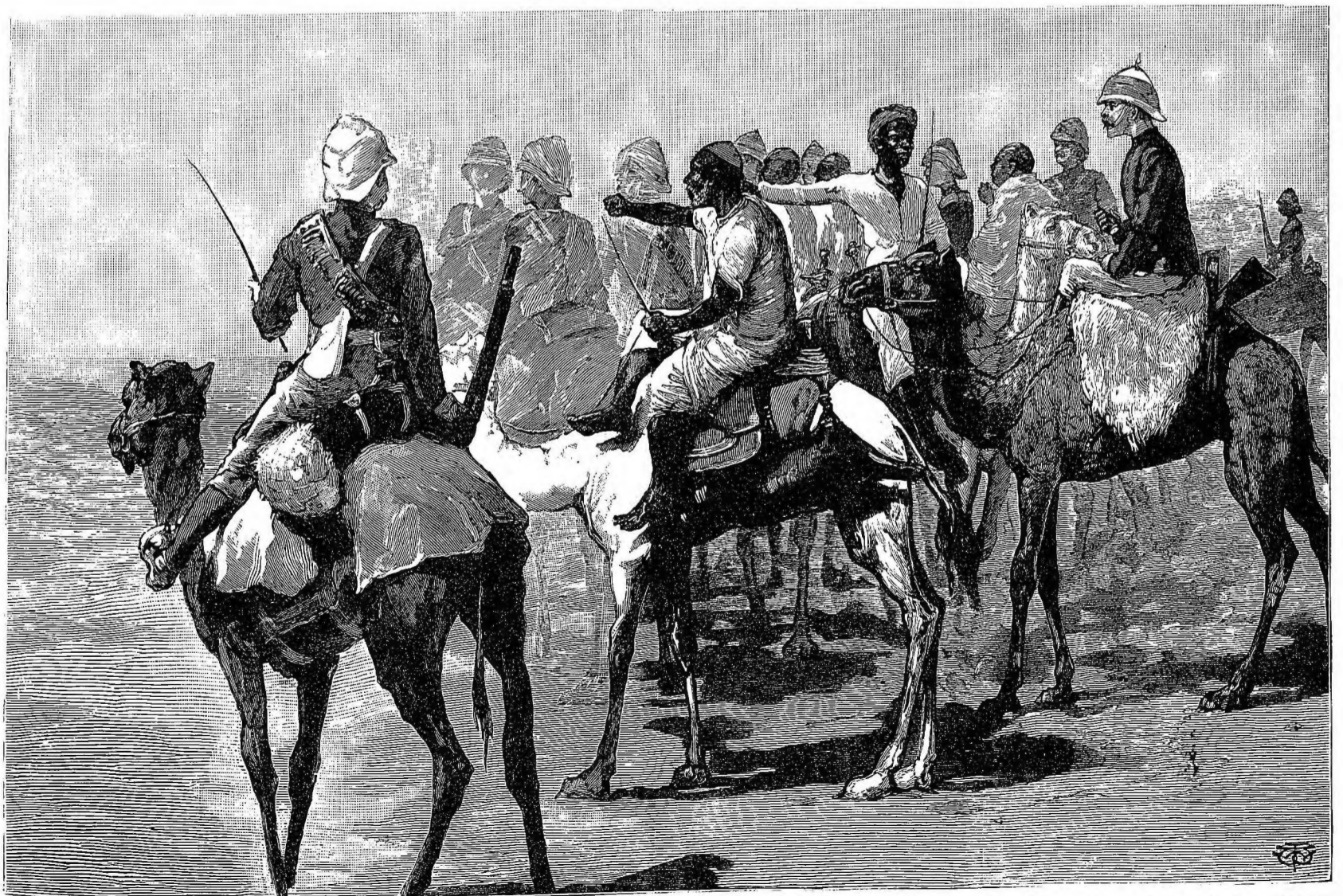
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



WITH THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SUAKIM, RED SEA—THE NEW YEAR GYMKHANA MEETING
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER



A CONSULTATION OF GUIDES—AN INCIDENT OF SIR HERBERT STEWART'S FIRST MARCH FROM KORTI TO THE GAKDUL WELLS
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

Topics of the Week

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.—Ever since the arrival of the lamentable news that Khartoum had fallen we had all made up our minds to be prepared for the worst. Still, there was a faint hope that Gordon might have escaped, or might still be defending himself in some stronghold, or, more likely yet, might be a captive in the hands of the Mahdi. All these hopes are now swept away; we are told, and the information seems trustworthy, that he is dead; and it is no exaggeration to say that the news comes upon thousands of households as a direct personal shock. This strange figure, full of faith and heroism, had vividly imprinted itself on men's imaginations, all the more so because it differed so widely from the bulk of their own dispositions. The prevailing type of man during these closing years of the nineteenth century is a being who clings all the more eagerly to the things of this life because he feels no certain conviction of any life hereafter; his belief in a living personal God is faint and vague; and he tolerates all creeds because he doubts whether any of them is entirely true. The child-like faith of Gordon, who literally "walked with God," making Him his hourly companion and intimate friend, might seem at first sight utterly antipathetic to the sceptic above described. But it is not so. This faith excites his enthusiasm, his admiration; and, even if he feels that it is foreign to his own nature, and that he cannot attain to it, it may purify and elevate the ambitions and aspirations which hitherto have been confined to earthly things. Thus let us hope the noble career of Gordon may serve as a beacon-light, not only to this generation, but to many generations. England mourns him; she feels that she cannot replace him; he was cast in a mould which is rare, almost unique. But for Gordon himself we need not mourn. Death was, in his undoubting belief, the opener of the gates of Paradise. "To depart, and be with Christ, which is far better," was on his lips no hollow formula, but a life-long conviction. For years he had faced death in many forms, and this belief of his, that death was the key which opened the portals of Heaven, gave him unusual coolness and courage. But, great as he was, we must not overrate him. He is a saint, but a saint of the Church militant; of the Old Testament rather than of the New Testament type. He is doubtless wiser now, and if he could look down and see the reinforcements which are being gathered together to avenge his death, he would bid us remember the solemn admonition: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.—When General Gordon started on his adventurous journey across the desert, it was generally prophesied that, if his mission ended in disaster, Mr. Gladstone's Ministry would be wrecked. Disaster has come, yet it is exceedingly improbable that we are about to see a change of Government. This is due in part to the fact that, although many Liberals bitterly condemn the blunders of the Cabinet, few of them have any confidence that a Conservative Government would be able to guide the country safely through its present perplexities. But, even if it were certain that a majority in Parliament would refuse to give Mr. Gladstone a vote of confidence, we may be sure that Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote would hesitate in existing circumstances to undertake the duties of office. In the first place, their task would be one of extraordinary difficulty; for, whatever course they might adopt with regard to the Soudan and Egypt, they would meet with formidable opposition; and they could not, of course, appeal to the country until after the passing of the Seats Bill. Moreover, the controversy about Redistribution would assume a wholly new character. At present the Liberals are virtually pledged to settle the question in a particular way—in a way which is authoritatively declared to be satisfactory to the Conservatives. If Mr. Gladstone's Government went out, this pledge would no longer exist. The Radicals would consider themselves free to deal with the subject in any manner that might seem to them most suitable; and there is no evidence that they would be unable to impose their ideas on the more moderate members of the Liberal party. The probability is, then, that in the approaching Session the Government will be as strong as ever, notwithstanding the indignation which has been aroused by the results of its policy.

THE LONDON MISSION.—What a Mission like that now being held in London can do for Christians, and what it cannot do, was well defined by the Bishop of Peterborough when he said "if a cart gets into a deep rut it requires a shove to help it out, but it must not depend upon shoves for the rest of its journey." That high pressure of excitement which members of the Salvation Army endeavour to keep up is not true religiousness, and, when we witness it, it is always with misgiving lest the convert who sings and prays so loudly should in a year or so relapse into a state worse than his first. But there are times when the soul grows sluggish, and wants rousing. The voice of the same preacher heard Sunday after Sunday has become too familiar to arrest attention; the unvarying round of religious duties is discharged in a perfunctory manner. It is then that the arrival of missionaries in a parish may do much good, by

quicken first curiosity, then yearning and hope, and finally faith all round. But it is an admirable thing to see the parish clergy working with the missionaries as they do. One need not be old to remember the time when an incumbent would have been taken aback by a request that he should give up his pulpit and general ministrations for ten days or a fortnight to some zealous clergyman whom he had never seen. If he wanted a few weeks' holiday, he was not loth to exchange duties with a clergyman whom he had never set eyes on, or to engage some impecunious brother by means of an advertisement; but this was a different matter, for the *locum tenens* always came on the tacit understanding that he was not to excite himself in his temporary duties, nor to excite others. We have, happily for the future of our national life, now entered upon a time when all that was indifferentism, or prejudice, or doubt in the ways of the clergy of old is giving place to diligence, tolerance, and trustfulness. The transformation bringing with it, as it does, so much vigorous work, must also be preparing for us the blessed fruits which follow upon all honest labour. It is impossible not to believe that, of the good seed being scattered about so largely during the present week in London, some abundant crop will spring up.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUDAN.—Everybody, even their own friends, are blaming the Government just now, yet it is worth noting that their culpability would be just the same if Khartoum had been reached in time to rescue Gordon. But, in that case, as is usual, success would have condoned their misdeeds. Now, what is the cause of the mismanagement in Egypt during the last three years? As we are unwilling to believe that Her Majesty's Ministers are fools or traitors, we can only suppose that perpetual dissensions on this subject have prevailed in the Cabinet, and that sometimes one policy, sometimes another policy, has got the upper hand. The opinions of the Peace Society have been intermingled and jumbled up with the opinions of thorough-going Jingoism. Anything would have been better than this. Better have left Arabi and the Egyptians to settle accounts unmolested, and contented ourselves with safe-guarding the Suez Canal. Better, having interfered so violently as to pitch shot and shell into the Khédive's chief seaport, have annexed the land of the Pharaohs for good and all. Europe would not have minded, if we had paid the bondholders in full. But our Ministers, instead of steering one or other of these direct courses, went yawing about from windward to leeward, and hence have always been among rocks and quicksands. Professing to be lovers of peace, they have shed blood like water, and thus far to no purpose. This brings us to the Soudan, where blunders have been especially numerous and lamentable, though we will not recapitulate them now. Let us look to the future. The Nile Expedition was organised for the object of rescuing Gordon from Khartoum. That object has already been accomplished, only that the hero has been rescued by a greater Deliverer than Wolseley. But now we must send out reinforcements to rescue our own would-be rescuers, who are undoubtedly in a perilous position. We hope at last the Government have formulated a definite policy about the Soudan. Do they mean merely to "rescue and retire," leaving that vast region to native anarchy, or the interference of less scrupulous Powers than ourselves; or do they mean to take and hold Khartoum as Egypt's southernmost outpost? Meanwhile, let us be careful not to denude ourselves of troops without filling up their places. It will not be a pleasant thing for our descendants to read in some history book of the next century, "In 1885 England was captured by a clever *coup de main*; all her best soldiers being engaged in the Soudan."

PRINCE BISMARCK AND ENGLISH MINISTERS.—There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone has given Prince Bismarck much cause for provocation. The whole spirit of the Midlothian speeches, so far as they related to foreign policy, was repugnant to the Imperial Chancellor; and for some time he was annoyed by the efforts of our Prime Minister to form an alliance with France and Russia, at the expense, as Germans thought, of the Central European Powers. Lately it has seemed to Prince Bismarck that, in addition to these grievances, he has had reason to complain of the manner in which England has dealt with the claims arising from his colonial policy. That Lord Granville and Lord Derby did not come well out of the dispute about Angra Pequena most of their countrymen admitted; and it is possible that they may also have acted unwisely in the negotiations with regard to New Guinea. Prince Bismarck, however, is mistaken if he supposes that he will promote the interests of his country by maintaining the arrogant tone which characterises some of the despatches in the latest of his White Books. All Englishmen desire that Germany and Great Britain should be on friendly terms; and some of them think that we ought to make considerable sacrifices in order to prevent the growth of misunderstandings. But when the Chancellor addresses Ministers of the Crown as if he were an angry drill-sergeant storming at raw recruits, the mildest even of peace-at-any-price politicians begin to reflect that England has at least a right to be treated with ordinary courtesy. The Germans are not able to exercise much influence over their great man, but, if they are as well disposed towards us as we are towards them, they will do what they can to persuade him that insults are not likely to be accepted as proof of the justice of his demands.

A MONT DE PIÉTÉ.—It will be curious to hear the pronunciation given by British tongues to "Mont de Piété" when the institution so designated shall have become popular, as it assuredly will if it realises the programme of its charitable promoters. Jack Johnson, reminding Mr. Ledbury that the French do everything in a contrary way to ourselves, informed him that in France the pawnshop is called "My Aunt's." The name may well be imported over here, and "My Aunt," who will lend at reasonable interest, is likely to be more blessed by her needy nephews and nieces than "My Uncle," who charges five-and-twenty per cent. on loans of 2*l.* and under. The rate of interest ought properly to be the measure of the borrower's solvency; but where a pledge is deposited, the loan has no fiduciary character, and the interest should never exceed five or six per cent. The only risks which a pawnbroker runs are those which may result from his own carelessness in appraising a pledge above its value; but such mistakes are not frequent. Generally "My Uncle" lends about one-third of what an article is worth, and, charging on small loans five shillings per pound per annum, makes a profitable transaction. If a pledge be not redeemed within a year and a week, "My Uncle" sells it, and the borrower may within three years come and claim the balance between the sum lent, with interest, and the sum obtained by sale; but "nephews" and "nieces" seldom apply for these balances, for "My Uncle" has a little habit of selling his pledges in lots; and it almost always turns out that the particular pledge inquired after has been disposed of at a loss. To hear "My Uncle" talk, one would imagine him to be a very ill-used man, continually deceived by pawnbrokers of pinchbeck; but, as a rule, it does not take him long to make his fortune. "My Aunt," who is going to establish her first London abode in the East End, intends to be satisfied with little gains, and means to give her poor relations every facility for recovering articles entrusted to her care. May she be no loser by this kindness, and may her example twinge "My Uncle's" conscience as well as his pockets!

IN AND OUT OF SESSION.—Is it treason, in these days of extended Franchise and of Redistribution, to whisper in our readers' ears that we look forward with horror rather than pleasure to the reassemblage of the House of Commons? Think of the Babel of six hundred and fifty tongues, and a good many of them Irish tongues. And oh! what a lot they will have to talk about this time! Rarely do we recollect such a sequence of exciting events as have lately happened within a few days of each other. And this reminds us that John Bull, who is nothing if not illogical, lives under two distinct forms of Government, according to whether Parliament is sitting or not. During the Recess our system of Government is a despotism, tempered by newspaper leaders and occasional "extra-Parliamentary utterances." No Minister, either in or out of the Cabinet, is bound during this blessed time to open his lips in explanation of anything he has said or done—any revelations which he chooses to make are purely voluntary. On the whole we get on pretty comfortably under this Recess system; indeed, we should get on better still, if during this period there was less voluntary speechifying, for it rarely or never discloses any secret which we would like to penetrate. But, as soon as Parliament meets, the metamorphosis is as great as when the fairies of the Transformation Scene in a pantomime are replaced by Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown. The Ministers are now placed in a row like a set of beer-barrels to be tapped by any thirsty customer. An answer which yesterday would not have been vouchsafed to a Duke or an Archbishop is now drawn forth by persistent questioning on the part of the enterprising member for Quidnuncborough. Imagine if the recent events, the dynamite outrages and the Soudan incidents, had happened while Parliament was sitting. What clouds of questions there would have been! To conclude. Which system is the best? The optimist replies, "Both; one is good in February, the other in September." But if so, why not extend the idea? Why not let Tories and Radicals (Whigs are pretty nearly dead) govern for alternate periods of a twelvemonth each? We should then at least get rid of the delays caused by our system of Government by party majorities.

WAR AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY.—In his speech at Glasgow the other evening Mr. John Morley prophesied that "the new Democracy" "will be for non-interference and for peace;" and most people are, no doubt, of the same opinion. But, so far as this goes, wherein will the new Democracy differ from the old? Mr. Morley and many other Radicals seem to assume that there is in England a party favourable to war for its own sake. What is the evidence that any such party exists? We venture to say that at the present time there is no sane man who would vote for war if war could, in his opinion, be honourably avoided. The school of politicians of whom Mr. Morley was probably thinking—a school not confined to any one party—detest war as much as as he detests it; but they hold that our vast Empire is exposed to many dangers, and that its integrity can be maintained only by means of a firm and consistent policy. Does Mr. Morley mean that the new Democracy will not agree with this view? If he does, and if he proves to be right, the experience of the last few years indicates pretty plainly the consequences which may be anticipated. Should the new Democracy desire to confine its attention rigidly to domestic questions,

it can attain its object only in one way—by giving up India and the Colonies. So long as England is resolved to retain those possessions, she cannot act as if she were an isolated Power, or as if she had no more interest than the United States in the affairs of Europe. Those who aspire to lead the English people may try to ignore this if they please; but it is incredible that the people themselves will be blind to what is, after all, the most obvious of facts.

HOAXES.—It seems pretty certain that the soldier who was bayoneted at Woolwich on Sunday intended to play a practical joke on the sentry, and the verdict of the coroner's jury complimenting Botham was a perfectly proper one. Why Botham was arrested after the occurrence is not clear. The Mutiny Act obliges a soldier to obey orders, and Botham's orders, like those of every sentry guarding a magazine, were to use his weapons against any stranger approaching him in the dark without stating his business. The mere presence of Brindley's body at the spot where it was found was proof by itself that Botham had done no more than his duty, and, this fact having been established by his officers, no civil inquisition ought to have been deemed necessary. One can only regret that the persons who amuse themselves by hoaxing the police with warnings of imaginary dynamite plots are not amenable to punishment as swift, if not as sharp, as that which overtook the wretched Brindley. The heavy work which the police have to perform at this moment is aggravated by practical jokes of all kinds, which are played daily, not only upon Scotland Yard, but upon every district station, by means of letters, postcards, and even telegrams. The authors of these missives calculate that the police dare not ignore disclosures, however improbable, and in this they are right; but the fun which consists in sending a number of overworked policemen to watch during hours with straining eyes and nerves for a thing that is never going to happen, is sport which only a vicious simpleton can enjoy. If one of these creatures be caught the public must insist that the magistrate shall not let himself be persuaded by some plausible counsel that the offence was only a piece of juvenile folly. This excuse would only be acceptable if the offender could be smartly corrected as a juvenile.

WEST END BURGLARIES.—While sympathising with the shopkeepers who have recently had their premises plundered in Bond Street and its neighbourhood, we may venture to doubt whether the police force ought to be increased in order to cope with this evil. The rates are already grievously heavy; ought the burden to be made greater in order that one class may benefit at the expense of the community? Let us look into the facts of the case. Formerly tradespeople lived over their shops, so that a burglar, if his presence were suspected, would meet with a warm reception. But now the shopkeeper has his household gods far away in the suburbs, and he lets his upper floors to tenants, most of whom do not sleep on the premises; or, if they do, are not likely to get out of bed on a cold night, and run the risk of a crack on the skull from a "jemmy," just because they fancy they hear footsteps in the part of the house occupied by their landlord, whom they only know as a rent-receiver. It speaks well, either for the honesty of the public, or for the efficiency of the police in general, that valuable property is stored in many houses in London which are left entirely untenanted between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, and that housebreaking is, after all, an exceptional incident. Nevertheless, "cracksmen" are quite aware of these facts, and consequently, when they do plunder such houses, they can afford time to drink their victim's wine and smoke his cigars on the premises after the "burgling" is completed. It is the duty of the police to try if doors and windows are properly secured, and to take note of suspicious loiterers; but they cannot spend all the night watching two or three houses, and yet in no other way could they make sure against burglarious attempts. The only real remedy is one already resorted to by many persons—namely, to have a trustworthy caretaker inside the premises, and to employ, in concert with their neighbours, a joint-stock watchman for the outside. The expense need not be great, and it will come out of the householders' own pockets. So it ought. Why should the public pay for more policemen because a man chooses to have his house full of tempting property, and yet leave it unguarded?

ITALY AND ENGLAND.—Englishmen of all classes and parties have agreed that it would be inexpedient to accept the aid of Italy in the accomplishment of the task which is now imposed upon us in the Soudan. Nevertheless, an excellent impression has been produced by the goodwill of the Italian people. It is not, of course, to be supposed that the Italians have been wholly disinterested in their offers of help. They know that if their troops were associated with ours in a campaign in the Soudan they would in the end gain solid advantages both directly and indirectly. But, apart from anticipations of this kind, they have displayed a genuinely friendly spirit; and their expression of a cordial wish to co-operate with us has been all the more welcome because few tokens of respect or sympathy have lately come to us from the Continent. It may be hoped that the feeling which has been evoked in the two countries will not be allowed to die away. When Italy was struggling for national independence, she had nowhere more ardent supporters than in England; and the majority of educated Englishmen

sincerely rejoiced when at last her object was attained. There are scarcely any conceivable circumstances in which her interests would conflict with ours; and the action of France might create for both countries serious difficulties in which each could be of the greatest service to the other. A formal alliance between England and Italy no one would propose; but there are many reasons why they should take every opportunity to cultivate the good relations which have for the present been happily established.

OVER-WALTZING.—The winter dancing season now waning at the approach of Lent has been noticeable for the suppression of square dances and polkas—of every dance, in fact, except the waltz—in assemblies where people would rather invent a foolish fashion than sensibly enjoy themselves. This country is almost unique in possessing large numbers of persons thus constituted—of persons, that is, who can never do a thing without overdoing it. An illustrious personage, who has grown tired of square dances because they overtax his conversational powers, gives a ball at which there is only waltzing, and this fine example percolating through the social circle in which he rules, ends, after a descent through other strata, by reaching London suburban ball-rooms, where two dozen waltzes in an evening are forthwith pronounced to be the correct thing. Some years ago the Lancers were all the rage, and dandified young men voted that waltzing (for it was not yet styled *valsing*) was bad form. After this the polka had its long day, and then there was much quadrilling again because a lady most potent in Society was suffering from a stiff knee. We have now come back to the period of violent exercise, and young ladies of a certain sort pretend to delight in gyrating without rhyme, rest, or reason for six hours at a stretch, till their satin shoes become like those of the little heroine in Trollope's "Three Clerks." These are the same young ladies who cut their hair short three years ago, and are now wondering when it will grow again. Some of them have hardly recovered from the severe course of dyspepsia to which they subjected themselves when æstheticism and unwholesome complexions were in vogue. Last year they were wearing grotesque protuberances behind their dresses; this year they are sporting red veils to make their cheeks and noses look aflame. Next year—but we have enough to do with the vagaries of to-day.

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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—(Last Night). Every Evening at 7.45. HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, Hudson, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box Office 8.30 till 5. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE. Matinée Saturday next, February 21, at 1.30.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at EIGHT, Sheridan's Comedy in Five Acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Co. hlan; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothorn, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.30. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open daily from 11 till 5. No fees.—Telephone, 3,700.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

PRINCE'S HALL.—M. VERBECK (from the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Paris) will give a series of his extraordinary representations of PRESTIGIATION and MESMERISM, at the above Hall, commencing on MONDAY EVENING, February 16, 23, given at Sandringham by command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. M. Verbeck will be assisted by his marvellous subject, Mlle. de Marguerite. The dates of the representations are as follow: Afternoons—February 20, 24, March 5, 4, 5, 9, 10, 16, 17, and 19; Evenings—February 16, 17, 19, 23, March 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 20, and 25. Reserved seats, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; balcony, 2s.; admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall and of all the Librarians. The Afternoon Representations will commence at Three, Evening at Eight. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30; carriages 5.15 and 10.15.

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NOTICE.—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one, a PORTRAIT OF THE LATE GENERAL GORDON, C.B., the other entitled "DEER HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST."



THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION

A NEW YEAR'S GYMKHANA MEETING AT SUAKIM

"On the first day," writes the artist, "the Native Camel Race was quite the *pièce de resistance*. It cannot be farther described than that it was one of the most picturesque and quaint races in the annals of the nineteenth century; the fuzzy-headed competitors, mostly armed, being completely at home on their desert steeds. Some Flat Races for Ponies were hotly contested by D.A.C.G. Day, Commissariat and Transport, and Captain Gregory, of the Egyptian Army; but was won by the former by a neck. The Menagerie Race was highly interesting and amusing. Amongst the entries were a kid (the winner), a gull, a gander, which unfortunately would sit down every other second and cackle, a jerbill (rat), a monkey, by name 'Baracca,' which would sit down at the turning-post and salute everybody instead of continuing her course, and a fowl. On the second day the Mile Race for Natives opened the proceedings. A Wheelbarrow Race also caused great amusement by the hapless collisions of the blindfolded competitors. The Donkey Race, like all others of its kind, barebacked, was ridiculous in the extreme, and these animals, with their brothers astride them, were most amusing. The Aunt Sally of the course was personified by an unruly Napper in a tub, who was most energetic in his trade, until a well-aimed stick and his head met, when he retired from his dignified position, hurt both in feelings and body. "The native population were highly impressed and delighted with the sports, the first of the kind they have ever witnessed, and they fully enjoyed and entered into all the fun."

A CONSULTATION OF GUIDES

THIS sketch was described last week in our article on the "Advance on Gakdul," and we need say no more than it represents a temporary halt for deliberation during Sir Herbert Stewart's advance across the Bayuda Desert. The guides are friendly natives who know the district well, and who have faithfully led our troops across the desert. They are under the charge of Major Kitchener, and are carefully watched during the whole march, being escorted by cavalry, who would shoot them down at once were any sign of treachery detected. Should they fall, however, into the hands of the enemy certain death will be no less their fate, and the fear of this frequently deters well-disposed natives from entering our service.

FOUR SKETCHES ON THE MARCH

THE first of these sketches illustrates the method of army signalling by means of flags. The scene is Dongola, and the message is being sent across the Nile for a boat to ferry over the camel and his rider. Next we have "New Year's Eve in Camp," where after a cosy chat by the fire, the little party of officers is on the point of breaking up, and finding it just midnight, are wishing each other a Happy New Year before going to their tents.—The "Repat in the Desert" speaks for itself, the troops depicted are officers and men of the Mounted Infantry.—"Interviewing Prisoners" represents an incident on the march to Gakdul, when, several prisoners having been taken, they were handed over to Major Kitchener, who, thanks to the interpretations of his guides, was able to elicit that they were spies sent forward by the Mahdi.

SUAKIM—RETURN OF MAHMOUD ALI AND HIS MEN AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE ENEMY

THE artist writes: "Having heard that some of the enemy were in the vicinity of Handoub, about ten miles distant, forty of the friendly natives, under Mahmoud Ali, started early one morning to attack them. They encountered fifteen of the rebels, surprising them, and having despatched them, returned *via* the new Sandbag Fort, which has been built by the Royal Engineers about 3,000 yards across the plain, at the extremity of the railway line. As the party, with old Mahmoud at their head, approached this fort, his men around him were still explaining to him how each had had some participation in the killing of their enemies. They captured and brought into town thirty camels."

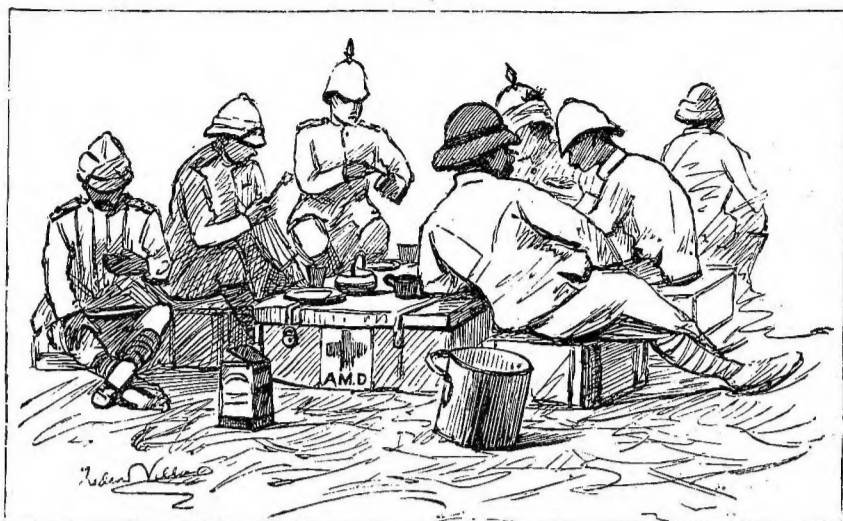
A RUSH FOR WATER AT THE ABU HALFA WELLS

THIS sketch depicts the arrival of General Stewart and his troops at Abu Halfa Wells on his second march across the Bayuda Desert, on his way to Gubat, by way of Gakdul Wells. Abu Halfa Wells are between Korti and Gakdul. Mr. Villiers writes from Gakdul on January 13th:—

"We have had a very trying and thirsty march, such a terrible time I never have experienced before. We have arrived here, and there is water in plenty, but *en route* we ran very short, the men's allowance coming down to two pints a day. The sketch of the wells at 'Abu Halfa' will illustrate our condition when we arrived there. The Sussex Regiment suffered more than the rest, their water-skins having leaked considerably."

KHARTOUM

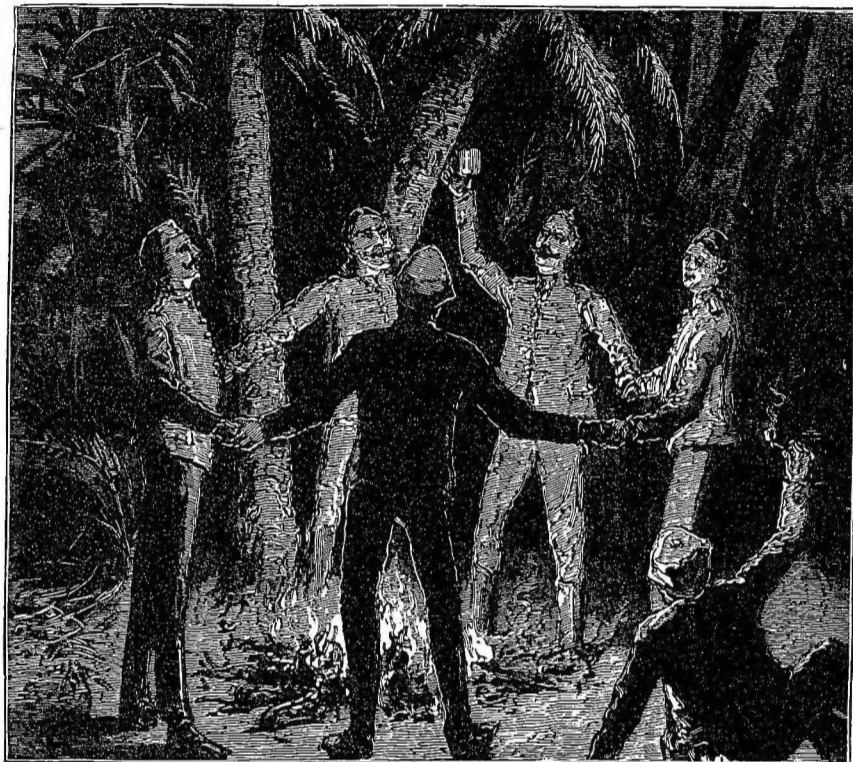
KHARTOUM, the chief town of the Soudan, where General Gordon has been so gallantly contending with the Mahdi and an overwhelming force during the past year, is situated at the junction of Bahr-el-Aznak, the Blue Nile, and Bahr-el-Abiad, the White



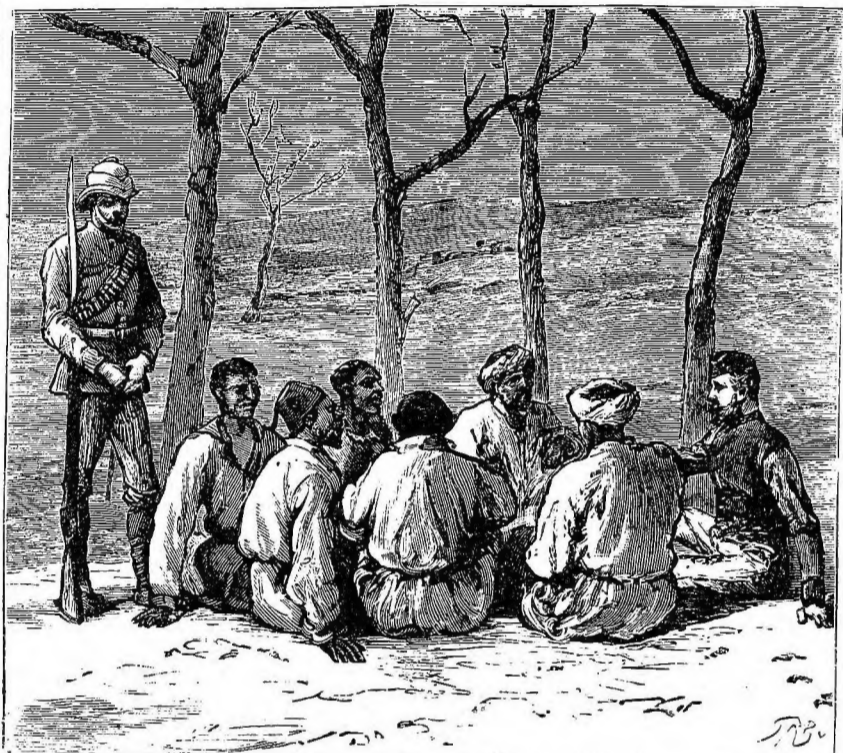
A REPAST IN THE DESERT



MOUNTED INFANTRY SIGNALLING ACROSS THE NILE



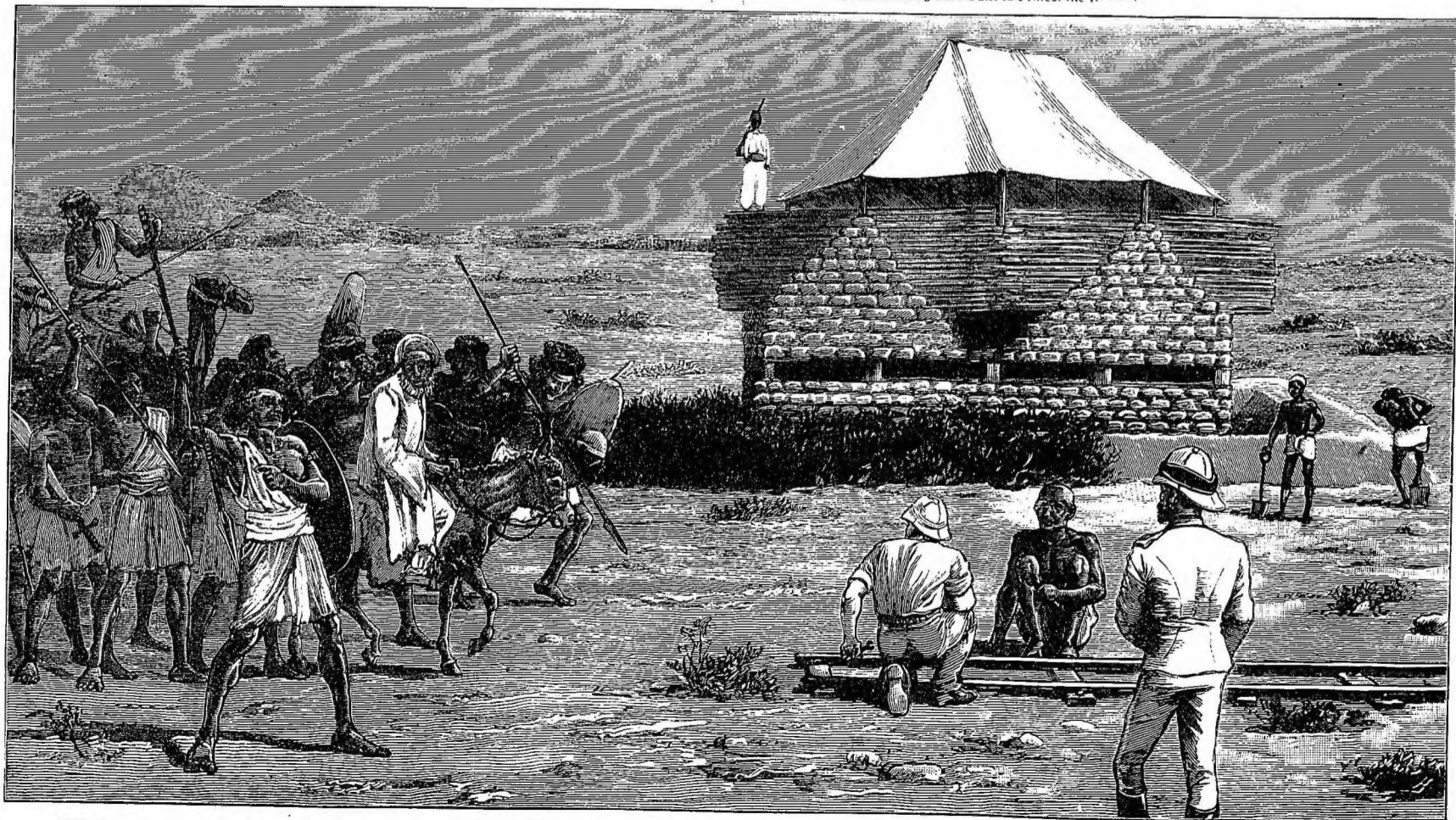
NEW YEAR'S EVE IN CAMP—"AULD LANG SYNE"



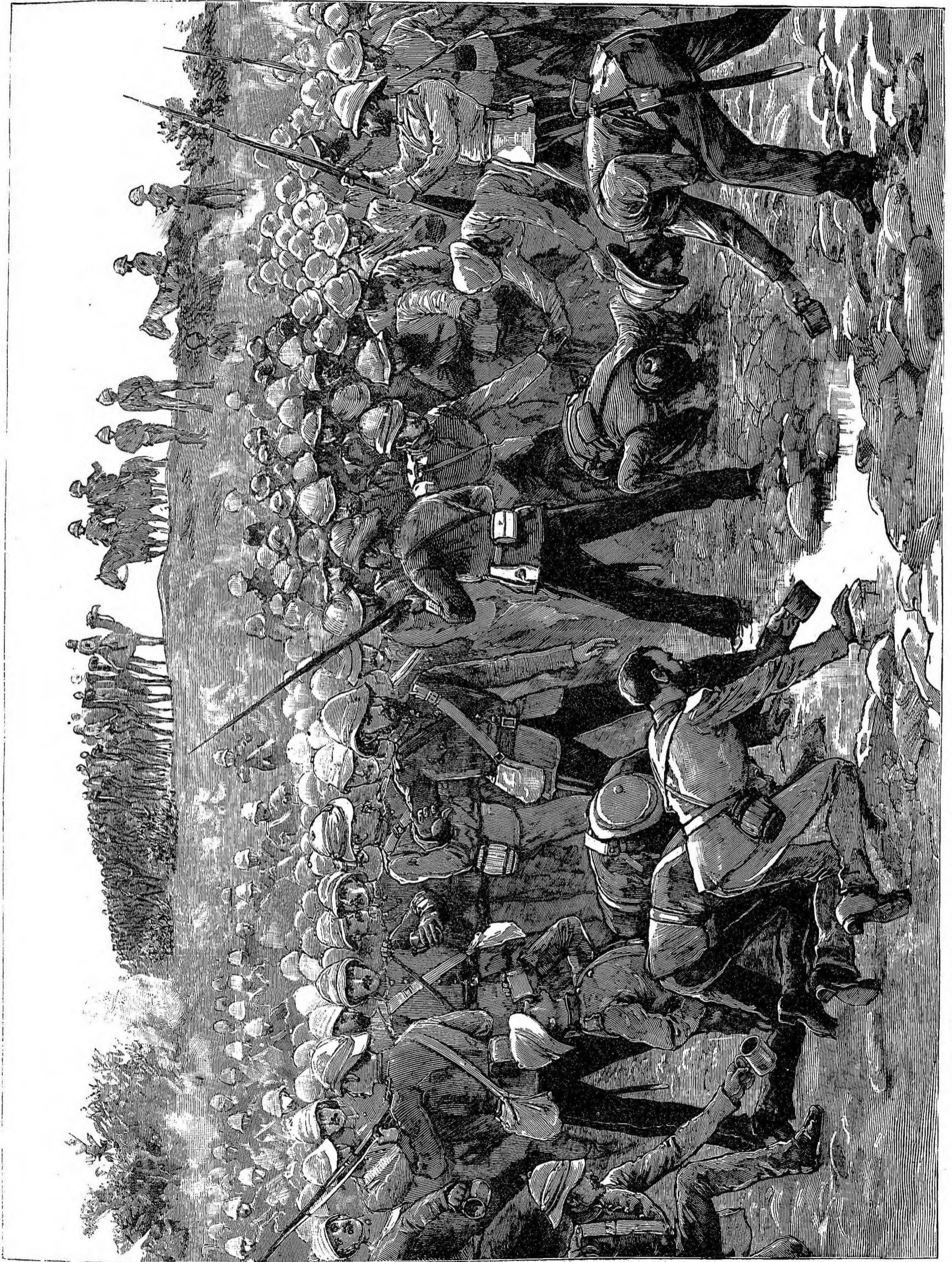
MAJOR KITCHENER QUESTIONING PRISONERS AT THE GAKDUL WELLS

THE NILE EXPEDITION

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND A TROOPER OF THE CAMEL CORPS
Log and Sandbag Fort Built to Protect the R. Atbara



WITH THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SUAKIM—RETURN OF FRIENDLY NATIVES AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON THE ENEMY
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



THE RUSH FOR WATER AT THE ABU HALFA WELLS ON THE WAY TO GUBAT—AN INCIDENT OF SIR HERBERT STEWART'S
SECOND DESERT MARCH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Nile. It lies chiefly on the left bank of the Blue Nile, about two miles from the confluence, and opposite Tuti Island, on arriving off which Sir Charles Wilson first perceived that Khartoum was in the possession of the enemy. The Governor's Palace, where Gordon resided during the siege, faces the river side opposite a point at which a quay gives easy access to the river steamers. It was from the roof of this building that Gordon was wont to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for, being situated on an elevation, a good view could be obtained thence of the surrounding country. Khartoum has always been the centre of traffic in the Soudan, as it has formed the converging point of all the caravan routes. Ivory, ebony, and ostrich feathers from the south were sent across the desert to Korosko and thence down the Nile to Cairo, while grain, cotton, and gums, exchanged for European goods, gave rise to a flourishing trade. During the years, however, which preceded Sir Samuel Baker's campaign, the trade had been seriously injured owing to the disorganised condition of the country, and the population had been very seriously reduced in numbers. Upon the pacification of the country Khartoum regained some little of its former prosperity, and the Egyptian authorities were at no small pains to improve the town itself by completing the Government buildings, organising steam irrigation works, and initiating other useful measures. The population of Khartoum in its flourishing days was estimated at 40,000, but during the siege this is thought to have diminished to 10,000. The population has always been somewhat motley, consisting of Turks, Jews, Greeks, Egyptians proper, Nubians, Abyssinians, Gallas, negroes, and a few Italians, who principally carried on liquor and provision traffic.

The latest trustworthy account of Khartoum is given in the official report on the Soudan by the late Colonel Stewart who, with Mr. Power, so long shared General Gordon's labours at Khartoum, and for whose treacherous murder, while on his way to join General Wolseley, the late General Earle took vengeance. Colonel Stewart writes: "The town, as approached from the White River, presents a mass of dirty grey houses, overtopped by a single minaret, and in front a sterile, sandy plain, without trees or bushes. It is entered by a long, narrow street, stretching from west to east, and terminating in the market. This street is dirty in the extreme, and bordered by mud houses, whose doors are their only openings to the street. In other parts of the town there is no semblance of regularity; the houses are of all sizes and shapes, and the streets mere labyrinths. Here and there are open spaces, large enough for gardens, and even for cornfields. There are also numerous hollow flats, in which during the rainy season water collects and stagnates, rendering the place very unhealthy. The street above-mentioned is the best in Khartoum; it contains the Governor's residence and many spacious mansions belonging to Turks, Copts, and Arabs. All the other houses are of a miserable description, consisting of sun-dried clay, cemented with cowdung and slime. In the market-place is the mosque, built of brick, and there, also, are the bazaar, coffee-houses, brandy-shops, &c. In addition to the buildings already mentioned there is a Coptic and a Roman Catholic chapel, a Roman Catholic school, an infirmary, a gaol, and barracks."

To return to General Gordon, that gallant officer leaving London on January 18th 1884, arrived in Khartoum on February 18th. On March 24th, after a severe battle on the 17th in which Gordon's troops were defeated through the treachery of the Pashas, the investment of the town by the Mahdi's forces practically began, and from that time until its fall on January 26th the fighting never seems to have ceased. Constantly were the rebels defeated by Gordon, but on they still pushed in overpowering numbers until all communication with the outside world had been completely cut off. Before this, Gordon, foreseeing the inevitable, had telegraphed for reinforcements, and had asked that Zebehr Pasha should be appointed to the Assistant-Governorship of the Soudan, but it was not thought politic at the time to comply with the request, and finally Gordon was left isolated and face to face with the enemy. Both sides appear to have acted with vigour. The Arabs put up strong forts with cannon along the river, while Gordon on his side bombarded them with iron-plated steamers and sailing vessels. He protected the town also with land-torpedoes and mines, and, as half the population had fled before the investment, he destroyed the uninhabited quarters, and erected strong earthworks. He issued free rations to the poor, and paid for all supplies in paper money, to be redeemed by the British Government. Indeed, there seemed no bounds to his ingenuity and energy, as he manufactured powder when his ammunition fell short, and, when provisions failed, foraged up and down the Nile with his steamers. Of these he is known to have possessed eleven. Gordon had only one apprehension, and this was ever staring him in the face—treachery. To this, indeed, is generally attributed the fall of Khartoum, as it is stated that Faraz Pasha, whom Gordon had once before pardoned for treason, but who feared condign punishment at the hands of the advancing English—opened the gates of the town to the Mahdi during the night. Had it not been for this Sir Charles Wilson might now be in Government House at Khartoum, and the chief portion of Lord Wolseley's task would have been accomplished.

QUARTERMASTER LIMA

Two officers were killed in the series of fights which followed on the Battle of Abu Klea on January 17th, and culminated in the Battle of Gubat on the 19th. One of these officers was Quartermaster Arthur George Lima, of the 19th Hussars, who served with that regiment in the Egyptian War of 1882, when he was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, for which he received the medal with clasp, and the Khédive's Star. He also served with his regiment in the Soudan last year, when he was present at the Battles of El Teb and Tamanieb, for which services he received two clasps, and was mentioned in despatches.—Our portrait is from a photograph by McLean and Son, Inchicore, Dublin.

CONDUCTOR JEWELL

Of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, was the other officer killed. He was born in 1849, at Emsworth, Hants. He joined the 20th Hussars, and left on a promotion warrant. He served in the Zulu and Egyptian campaigns.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hennah and Kent, Brighton.

JOHN EDWARD LEVESON JERVIS, VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT

Was born in 1850. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the army as Cornet in the 7th Hussars, in March, 1871. He became a Captain in the 16th Lancers in 1881. He served in the Zulu War of 1879, in the expedition against the Marrees in Southern Afghanistan in 1880, in the Boer War of 1881, and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He succeeded to the family honours in 1879, on the death of his father, and is now succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Carnegie Parker, who is a Captain in the 66th Regiment.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.

GENERAL GORDON

LAST year, in our issues dated March 8th and 15th (Nos. 745 and 746) we gave a full account of the career of this remarkable man. Here therefore it is merely necessary to recall a few of the most salient facts in his life-history. Charles G. Gordon, descended from a race of soldiers, was born at Woolwich, January 28th, 1833. He entered the army, served in the trenches before Sebastopol during the Crimean War, and, after the war was over, was employed until the end of 1858 on the Commission for settling

the boundaries of Russia and Turkey. In 1860, when war broke out between France and England on the one side and China on the other, Gordon was ordered to the latter country, and was present at the attack on Peking and the sack of the Summer Palace. In 1863, after peace had been re-established between China and the Allied Powers, the British Government were asked to appoint an officer to take command of the Chinese Imperialist forces who were endeavouring to suppress the Tae-ping Rebellion. Gordon was selected for this important post, and, although provided with very unpromising materials, obtained such a complete success over the rebels by means of his skill, courage, and endurance, that the force which he commanded was afterwards known as the "Ever-Victorious Army," while he himself has always since been distinguished by the honourable title "Chinese Gordon." That Gordon left China as poor as he entered it, having refused all pecuniary rewards, is in thorough accordance with his character throughout his entire career. He is one of the most unselfish of men. Between 1865 and 1871 he passed six peaceful years at Gravesend, where he was employed in the construction of the Thames defences. This was perhaps—though the world may not think so—the most genuinely heroic portion of his whole career. "He lived," says Mr. Egmont Hale, "wholly for others. His house was school, hospital, and almshouse in turn. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door." But there were plenty of adventures still in store for Gordon. In 1869 Sir Samuel Baker was sent by the Khédive Ismail to the Soudan, with plenary powers for the suppression of the slave trade. In 1874 he was succeeded by Gordon. He remained three years, and then, after a short interval at home, was persuaded by the Khédive to return with even more absolute authority than before to the scene of his former exploits. In July, 1879, after the deposition of the Khédive Ismail, Gordon left the Soudan, but his work against the slave-dealers was ably carried on by his subordinates until 1881, when Gessi Pasha was murdered, and the slave dealers were able once more to do pretty much as they pleased. After he left the Soudan Gordon undertook a perilous mission to the King of Abyssinia, and then, after resigning the post of Secretary to Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of India, which he had somewhat hastily accepted, he went on a self-imposed mission to China, which resulted in the conclusion of terms of peace between that country and Russia. He next undertook a military command in Mauritius, and then a mission to the Cape Colony. In January, 1884, Gordon, at the request of the King of the Belgians, had started for the Congo, *via* Brussels, when he was summoned back to London, and requested to undertake the pacification of the Soudan. He went as a peacemaker, but he speedily found himself invested in Khartoum by the forces of the Mahdi, and was obliged to make vigorous reprisals. He asked our Government to allow him to appoint Zebehr Pasha Governor of the Soudan, as being the man who could best establish peace in that region. The request was refused. He subsequently asked for 2,000 or 3,000 troops—Turkish, Indian, or other. That request also was refused. Meanwhile the attacks on Khartoum were growing fiercer, he was plagued by cowardice and treachery within the city, and the loss of Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul, who were shipwrecked and then murdered on their way to capture Berber, was a terrible blow. Before this, the Gladstone Ministry, urged on by the rising indignation at home at the neglect of Gordon, had sent out the Nile Expedition under Wolseley. After Abu Klea success seemed almost certain, and men hoped that within a few days the telegraph would flash the news that Wolseley and Gordon had clasped hands. But, alas! the succour came too late, the treachery of the Pashas had opened the gates of Khartoum to the Mahdi's soldiers, and it seems certain that the hero on whom all eyes for a year past have been fixed is slain.

MASSOWAH, ON THE RED SEA

MASSOWAH, which has just been temporarily occupied by the Italians, is, from a geographical point of view, the Red Sea port of Abyssinia. Politically speaking, however, it belongs to Egypt, having been handed over by the Porte to Ismail Pasha in 1866. The town contains from 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, and is stated to be one of the hottest places on the Red Sea Coast. It is situated at the north end of the Bay of Arkeko, on a small barren island about a mile long by 400 yards broad, and is connected with the mainland by a causeway nearly a mile in length, constructed across the intervening shallow water. The chief houses are built of stone and coral, but the main portion of the population live in huts of poles and grass. The principal inhabitants are a few Greeks and Italians, and, although the harbour is exceedingly good, there is very little trade, save in Abyssinian exports—hides, butter, ivory, and beeswax, and even this commerce is restricted by the heavy duties imposed by the Egyptian authorities. The Egyptians themselves and the Soudanese do not use the port on account of the disturbed state of the Abyssinian frontier, and the certainty of any caravan being attacked and plundered by Abyssinian raiders. Thus the bazaars are very poor, and badly furnished with supplies. From Massowah there are two roads to the interior of Africa, one leading to Abyssinia and the other to Kerem, Kassala, and Khartoum. In bygone days Massowah was famed for its export of gold, ivory, and slaves, and, opposite, on the Dahlak Islands, are some extensive pearl fisheries. In strong hands capable of reducing the unruly Abyssinians to order, and attracting the commerce of that country and the Soudan, Massowah would become one of the most important ports of Africa.

BADENWEILER

IN the extreme south of the Grand Duchy of Baden, not far from the borders of Alsace, and at a distance of little more than an hour by rail from Basle, is situated this singularly beautiful little bathing-place, of the existence of which thousands of English, who annually flock abroad in search of the two great desiderata—pleasure and health—are totally ignorant.

All around—almost from the doors of the houses—rise pine-clad mountains. For Badenweiler is in the very heart of the Black Forest, a region little known to the British tourist. Switzerland may furnish views more sublimely grand, and Italy some more softly lovely; but, for the combination of these two qualities of sublimity and beauty, it is probable that no part of Europe can vie with this. In the distance the Vosges are visible, while from the tops of the hills, some of which reach a height of over 4,000 feet, the Alps are, in clear weather, plainly to be seen. Though more than a hundred miles away, the great range of white-robed giants seems close at hand, and Mont Blanc, the Jung-Frau, and the Matterhorn can be easily distinguished without the aid of a glass.

But the chief characteristic of Badenweiler, and that which gives it its peculiar value, is not the scenery about it, exquisite as this is; but the possession of the springs of naturally warm water to which it owes the first part of its name. These are no new nineteenth-century discovery; but were known to, and used by, the Romans, whose baths—now freed from the dust of many ages—are still in existence.

In close proximity to them are their modern equivalents, which equal, if they do not surpass them in comfort, and of which one of our sketches conveys some idea. An almost unique feature of Badenweiler is the capacious covered swimming-bath, through which the volcanic stream constantly flows, and in which patients bathe in the midst of a luxury rivalling, one would imagine, the days of yore. The curative properties of the water, which has an unvarying

temperature of about 75° Fah., are said to be well attested; but what may be the special quality which endows it with the strange power it undoubtedly exerts still remains a mystery. Hardly any mineral constituents are to be found in it.

Badenweiler boasts a Kur-haus, with a Kur-saal, in which (on wet days) the band plays, and weekly *réunions* take place. The picturesque ruins of an old castle—once a residence of the Margraves of Baden—stand upon a height in the midst of the Kur-garten, and look down upon the labyrinth of paths which winds below them. For all nervous disorders—for all those numberless complaints of our time, which usually require rest for a cure, the air and water of Badenweiler possess a remedial influence scarcely to be equalled in Europe. It is to be sincerely hoped that, in years to come, many may be induced to try their healing efficacy.—Our engravings are from photographs from A. Varady and Co., Basle, and are forwarded to us by the courtesy of Herr G. de Bohlen Halbach, Grand Seneschal of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden.

WINTER FISHING IN MANITOBA

OUR sketches are by Mr. FitzRoy Dixon, who writes:—"Catching pike during the winter months is a regular industry on the lakes in parts of Manitoba, affording remunerative though chiefly employment to scores of the neighbouring settlers. The supply of fish is simply astounding. They are all caught through a hole in the ice with hook and line, a portion of the entrails being used for bait. Pelican Lake, the scene of these sketches, has been regularly fished for many winters; and the marvel is how such quantities continue to be caught, for at this time of the year the fish are full of roe, and such a wholesale destruction must necessarily tell upon their numbers. The pike average about six pounds, though running up to seventeen and twenty. Forty fish are considered a fair day's catch per man. I believe that seventy-four fish, representing about four hundred weight, formed the biggest bag made by any one up to the time of my visit."

"My first sketch shows our method of travelling to the lake in a jumper, with stove, tent, snow-shoes, and provisions; and next we have 'Pitching Camp.' The ice affording no hold for poles or pegs, we had to erect our tent on tripods contrived so as to resist the fury of the wind, which howls along the length of the lake some fifteen miles."

"Another sketch depicts cutting a hole in the ice, and will give some idea of the freezing power of this country, for we cut through nearly five feet of ice before reaching water."

"'Fishing Outside' shows the method of fishing. It was bitterly cold, and we had to be constantly keeping a little hole clear of ice, which was continually forming. Now and then the line becomes one big icicle down to the surface of the water."

"'Doing it Comfortably' shows how we fished part of the time. The aborigines condemned it as being 'high-toned,' but availed themselves of the stove notwithstanding. We were comfortable enough in our quarters, though our bed lay on a little hay on the ice, and the thermometer registered 40 deg. below zero each night."

"'Teaming Fish to Market' illustrates the ordinary sleigh being loaded."

"'Preparing for Breakfast' shows how the skin and scales are often removed with a draw-knife, the fish being at the time of the consistency of a log of wood. This process certainly saves both time and trouble. Finally I have sketched a pack of prairie wolves or coyotes, which every night serenaded us as they slunk about the lake hunting for fish, and many a pile which had been carefully buried in snow was devoured by them."

HUNTING WITH THE NEW FOREST DEER HOUNDS

THERE are still a few fallow deer left in the New Forest. They are hunted by Mr. Lovell's hounds. The good sport they show, the fine weather, and beautiful scenery attract many hunting men to the New Forest during the spring months. The following is an account of a run:—

"The fixture is at Boldrewood; the foreground is covered with horsemen and carriages, and the distance filled up with beautiful woods and stretches of heather and yellow gorse. A buck is reported as harboured not far off. A move is made to Holm Hill enclosure, leaving the main pack in charge of the whips. Two trusty tufters are laid on where the deer had been seen at four in the morning. These owned the cold scent, and slowly but surely work up to the deer. Suddenly the notes of the hounds are redoubled, and a shrill view halloo comes at the same instant from the end of the wood. A hundred mad horsemen dash to the Enclosure Gate. The tufters are stopped, the pack streams down the hill, and is quietly laid on by the Master. First a quick feather, then, with heads up and sterna down, away they go, across a wood, up the hill to Pugsitts. (As a stranger it was impossible to catch the names of places which now and then I asked in frenzied haste.) Bending to the left they ran at a racing pace to Highland Water, over ground which many a Leicestershire horse would hardly have faced—tussocks girth high, with black water between. Through it we flounder, and safely cross. Here there is a check! A fox has jumped up in the middle of the pack. The temptation is too great for even Mr. Lovell's hounds. A few couples err, but are promptly stopped by the whips. Now still forward they go, on across the Ringwood Road into Ocknell Wood. Down with your head on your horse's neck, else the boughs will clear your saddle, and let you and your horse be of the same mind which side of the tree you go. But there is still music ahead, though nothing is to be seen. At last we are out on Fritham Plain, and have a glorious burst across the bare heath down to a brook—a brook margined with alders and shaly black bog. The deer has crossed! Impossible but for the best mounted to follow, except by a far-off bridge. But I fix my eye on a military-looking horseman, who seems confident. I follow his lead; on we go, whither I know not. After several turns he halts, and in a moment I see something moving just in front of him. It is the deer, which passes gallantly along to Bratley Wood. But, alas! my horse is done, and I am not fated to see the end, but am forced to get off, and lead home my weary steed."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. Compton, who has also furnished the foregoing particulars.

"MATT"

MR. BUCHANAN'S new serial story, illustrated by Joseph Nash, is concluded this week.

A "PALAVER" IN ASHANTEE AFTER THE CAPTURE OF COOMASSIE

ABOUT this special "palaver," or discussion, it is not necessary to say anything in detail. Such meetings frequently take place on the West African Coast between the representatives of European Governments on the one side and native chieftains on the other. The chief interest perhaps of this picture is that the principal (African) personage depicted is the late Quaco Duah, the Sovereign of Ashantee, a country which still maintains the equivocal reputation of possessing the most sanguinary Government in the world. Quaco Duah was preceded on the throne by King Koffee Calcalli (our opponent, it will be remembered, during the Ashantee War). Some time since it was suggested to Quaco Duah that he should kill as many of Calcalli's relatives as could be collected. He acted on this advice, and ordered the sudden massacre of three hundred persons. Heart-rending scenes ensued in the streets. Children were torn from their mothers and dashed against trees; fathers and mothers

were butchered in cold blood; some few managed to fly for their lives. Shortly after the massacre, on June 11th, King Quaco died of small-pox. This is the first time on record that a King of Ashantee has succumbed to this epidemic. Since then a period of lawlessness and anarchy has prevailed. A movement was set on foot to secure annexation to the British Crown; but it was not complied with. Surely this refusal was a mistake, both for our own interests and for those of the people of Ashantee. Besides, as was the case in Abyssinia, the anarchy which has prevailed in Ashantee for several years past is greatly due to the shock which the prestige of the monarchy underwent after the capture of Coomassie. Would any other European Power have been equally self-denying? After this a bloody battle was fought; Calcalli was killed; and Owosucoror, the king-maker, was expected to ascend the throne.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Frederick Grant, of 32, Millman Street, Bedford Row; and Accra, West Africa.



WHATEVER MAY BE THE VIEWS OF THE GOVERNMENT as to ultimate British policy in the Soudan, events are compelling it to reinforce Lord Wolseley with a little army, which, it is understood, will operate by the long-recommended but obstinately-neglected route from Suakim to Herber. Since the arrival of the news of the fall of Khartoum no time has been lost in making preparations for the despatch from home of a force of between 7,000 and 8,000 men.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE CRIMEAN WAR a brigade of Household Troops is ordered abroad. It is to consist of the 1st Battalion of Coldstreams and the 2nd Battalion of Scots Guards, both of them now at Wellington Barracks, with the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, now at Windsor, each of them furnishing 750 men. Drafts of 250 men from the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstreams and of 300 from the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards are needed to bring the selected battalions up to the required strength. A number of men from the battalions which remain at home have volunteered to accompany their comrades abroad. In accordance, moreover, with a telegraphed request from Lord Wolseley, fifty men from each battalion of Guards are being fitted out as mounted infantry, to be employed mainly in scouting duties. This (Saturday) morning the Coldstreams and Scots Guards will march to Westminster, and be taken in river steamers to the Albert Docks, where early next week they will embark for Suakim.

THE REMAINDER OF THE FORCE to be sent from home will consist, according to present arrangements, of the 1st Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment at Newry, of the Dorsetshire 800 strong, now at Chatham, of the 1st Cheshire at Portland, and of the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, now at Aldershot, 800 strong. Of cavalry regiments the 20th Hussars at Chatham furnish 267 men and 14 officers, to embark to-day, and the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, at Dublin, 250. The 10th company of Royal Engineers, with a telegraph company of the same regiment, will be despatched some time next week. Portions of the infantry force detailed may go no further than the Mediterranean, in order to replace troops ordered to Egypt from Gibraltar and Malta. There is an impression that the enormous quantity of ammunition to be sent indicates Lord Wolseley's opinion that his operations in the Soudan will extend over a lengthened period. General Sir Gerald Graham is to have the command of the whole expeditionary force; Major-General Fremantle that of the Brigade of Guards; Major-General Newdigate in all probability that of the Infantry Brigade; and Major-General Greaves has been appointed Chief of the Staff.

THE GAP LEFT AT HOME BY THE DESPATCH of the new expeditionary force will, of course, be considerable. Instructions, however, have, it is said, been issued from the War Office to get ready arms, clothing, and accoutrements for seventy military centres, in anticipation of a Royal proclamation calling out 10,000 infantry of the Reserve force. The embodiment of several regiments of Militia is also spoken of. The War Office announces that it is ready to receive applications for employment from officers belonging to the Militia and Reserve of Officers for temporary service with the departments of the Army. It is very probable that the services of the Volunteers will be utilised for garrison, and especially for sentry duty. A number of Volunteer Officers throughout the country have placed their battalions at the service of the country. Officers of this kind have been made to the Home District authorities by Lieutenant-Colonel Ward as commanding the 16th Middlesex (London Irish), and by Lieutenant-Colonel Bird as commander of the 6th Middlesex (St. George's).

LORD ROSEBERY enters the Ministry, with a seat in the Cabinet, as Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Works.—A seat in the Cabinet is at the same time conferred on Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Postmaster-General.

SOMEWHAT OMINOUS, when his position in the Liberal party and his relations with Mr. Gladstone are considered, were the references made to the Soudan by Lord Ripon at the banquet given to him on Tuesday by the Catholic Union of Great Britain. The late Governor-General of India indirectly censured General Gordon for not having negotiated with the Mahdi, and hinted that, even if the heroic defender of Khartoum were alive, it might be well to attempt to procure his release not by arms, but by "diplomatic process;" while, if he were dead, we ought, Lord Ripon declared, to retire to Egypt proper, maintaining during the retreat a strictly defensive attitude.

MR. TREVELYAN, referring at Manchester to the situation in the Soudan, said that the question in Upper Egypt is at this moment not political but military, and that now the sword has been drawn against a fanatic Oriental enemy we cannot put up with failure. Mr. Goschen said much the same thing at Liverpool on Wednesday. Lord Rosebery, addressing a Liberal meeting at Epsom, ventured to suggest as the first of several "propositions," neglected at present and deserving attention, that we are bound to show our sympathies with Her Majesty's Government in the trial they are undergoing, an assertion which was not received with unmixed approval. Mr. Hibbert, who is a Minister, though a minor one, protested to his Oldham constituents against a policy of revenge in the Soudan, and spoke in a helpless way of his belief that if we had never gone into Egypt we should have been in a much happier position than now. Mr. Leonard Courtney, who is an ex-Minister, speaking at Torpoint, and Mr. John Morley at Glasgow, were for "scuttling out" of the Soudan should the report of the death of the heroic Gordon unhappily prove to be true. Conservative speakers, of course, make the fall of Khartoum a text for a censure of the Government. The disloyalty of the Nationalists in Ireland, fanned at public meetings by Home Rule M.P.'s, has been expressing itself anew since the fall of Khartoum by cheers for the Mahdi.

A LARGE ADDITION has been made to the Metropolitan Police force, and a number of Irish detectives are in London acting independently of it. New and stringent precautions have been taken for the prevention of dynamite outrages on public buildings, especially at Westminster Abbey, where all the entrances are guarded.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF WORKS have refused to accede to Lord Brougham's proposal that bathing should be allowed in the ornamental water of Battersea Park, as it has long been, under proper restrictions, in the Serpentine.

AT A FIRE which broke out on the premises of an oil and colour-man at Stratford early on Tuesday morning, the smoke and fire made exit by the stairs impossible. The police, however, fetching blankets from the station, four young children of the resident manager were thrown to them from the window of the first floor by their parents, and three of them escaped without injury.—In the afternoon a warehouse of five storeys, unoccupied, at the Crown Wharf, Bankside, was almost completely destroyed, though four powerful steamers and a river float were soon at work to extinguish the flames.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death, in his seventieth year, of Cardinal McCabe, who in 1877 succeeding Cardinal Cullen as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was made a Cardinal in 1882, and exerting all his influence in the cause of law and order, and reprobating the violence of the Land League, incurred considerable unpopularity in Ireland; in her eighty-third year, of Rachel Emily, Lady Shaw Lefevre, mother of the Postmaster-General; in his fifty-eighth year, of Major-General Pierce, formerly of the Bengal Staff Corps, who served in the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-6 and the Punjab Campaign of 1848-9; of Mr. C. Minton Campbell, the principal partner in the well-known firm of Messrs. Minton, who, from 1874 to 1880, represented, in the Conservative interest, the Northern Division of Staffordshire; in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir Thomas Nelson, who, since 1862, filled the office of City Solicitor, in which capacity he conducted the at-last successful litigation on the part of the Corporation which stopped illegal encroachments in Epping Forest, and made it public property in perpetuity; in his eighty-eighth year, of Colonel Maberly, one of the few survivors of the Unreformed House of Commons, in which he represented, in the Liberal interest, several boroughs successively, but best known as Secretary to the General Post Office, to which he was appointed in 1834. Colonel Maberly was in some respects an original, and amusing anecdotes of his official career are given in Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography" and in Edmund Yates's "Recollections;" also, on the 4th inst., of Mr. Robert Vaughan Tidman, of Lee, Kent, Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, and Hon. Sec. of the Charity Organisation Society, at the age of forty-nine.



THE substitution at the PRINCE'S Theatre of *The School for Scandal* for the English version of *La Princesse Georges*, withdrawn after a brief career at this house, enables Mrs. Langtry to appear in a part more suited to the display of her talents, so that playgoers now have a better opportunity of judging of the artistic progress made by this lady since the period when she appeared in London as a member of Mr. Bancroft's company at the Haymarket. One thing at least is quite certain, and that is, that for her performance as Lady Teazle she contrived to secure a favourable verdict from an audience somewhat irritated by the length and frequency of the interludes, and the late hour to which, in consequence, the performances were protracted. This untoward state of affairs was due to the excessive subdivision of the play into separate acts in compliance with the requirements of the stage-carpenter. Mrs. Langtry's performance is gay and sprightly, and, on the whole, fairly deserved the warm applause bestowed upon it. The portrayal of Lady Teazle's conflicting emotions in the screen scene, however, were rather beyond the reach of her artistic resources. Her exit was curiously awkward and ineffective, while in her sobbing address to Sir Peter there was too much suspicion of wheedling and too little of the calm resolve of despair which lies at the bottom of Lady Teazle's confession. To the ladies, Mrs. Langtry's dresses, which were made up mostly of startling contrasts of green and pink and yellow and pink, will not fail to form a fruitful theme for comment. Of the remaining performers in the revival it is not necessary to say much here. Mr. Farren's Sir Peter is a thoroughly sound and deservedly popular piece of acting, embodying the best traditions of an old school; and Mr. Coghlan's Charles Surface is no less deservedly a favourite with the public. Strong hopes were entertained concerning the Joseph Surface of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, an actor of genuine powers and much versatility. Mr. Tree eschews the melodramatic arts of the ordinary representative of the character, but his acting on the whole is rather colourless, and is marred by a constant habit of grimacing, in which for some reason on this occasion he constantly indulges. Altogether, with the performers already named, besides Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. A. Wood, Miss Kate Pattison, and Mrs. Arthur Stirling, the revival has the advantage of an undoubtedly strong cast, although, owing to the fact that it was hurriedly produced, the representation proved less effective on the first night than might have been expected. One of the most successful features was the dancing of a minuet in the second act, which affords an admirable picture of fashionable life in England in the last century.

THE "Brutus" of Lord Lytton's posthumous classical drama now in preparation at the PRINCESS'S is, it appears, Junius Brutus, the avenger of the wrongs of Lucretia, and the leader of the revolt which resulted in the expulsion of the Tarquins. Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear as the hero, and Miss Eastlake will play Lucretia. The subject is rather a delicate one, but it is handled, we need hardly say, with discretion. The play is in active rehearsal, and will be produced upon the approaching close of the run of *Hamlet*.

A performance, partly by professional and partly by amateur actors, of Messrs. Merivale and a Becket's romantic poetical play of *The White Pilgrim* at a *matinée* at the OLYMPIC Theatre last week has served only to confirm the qualified praise bestowed on this piece when it was originally produced eleven years ago at the Court Theatre. *The White Pilgrim* comprises some noble passages of verse and some fine lyrics, but the conduct of its wild legendary story is not very dramatic. An apparition in white muslin, which makes its appearance from time to time, proved, as before, to be less impressive than the authors probably intended. The lack of elocutionary art and the deficiency of force in the leading performers, however, were mainly responsible for the depressing effect of the representation.

Saturday, the 28th inst., is the date of the revival of *Masks and Faces* at the HAYMARKET. Mrs. Bancroft will, of course, reappear as Peg Woffington. The other parts are distributed as follows:—Mabel Vane, Miss Calhoun; Triplet, Mr. Bancroft; Sir Charles Ponder, Mr. Forbes Robertson; Colley Cibber, Mr. Brookfield; Ernest Vane, Mr. Barrymore; and Mr. Snarl, Mr. Kemble.

The statement that Miss Kate Vaughan is going to retire from the stage is contradicted. This graceful and clever actress is, it seems, only determined to forsake burlesque for comedy. Her last appearance in the former class of pieces was on Tuesday last at the Gaiety Theatre, when she and Miss Farren appeared in the popular duet and dance out of Mr. Reece's *Robinson Hood*, on behalf of the Theatrical Cricket Club.



THEATRICAL PUNCTUALITY is enforced by law in Peru. Lately the Lima police authorities fined the Manager of the Italian Opera 17. 5s. for not raising the curtain exactly at the appointed hour.

THE PROPOSED BOMBAY EXHIBITION OF NEXT YEAR is to be postponed to the autumn of 1887, in order not to clash with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition which takes place at South Kensington in 1886.

NETTLE CULTIVATION is now being tried in Germany for the sake of the strong fibre. A lady at Langenschwalbach, near Wiesbaden, has made very successful experiments with the weed during the last few months, and has now persuaded several neighbouring agriculturists to plant an acre of first-class wheat-land with nettles, to see if the quality of the fibre can be improved.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND HIS WIFE now lie in the same grave in the old Westminster Presbyterian cemetery at Baltimore, U.S.A. Though Poe had been buried there since 1875, his wife's remains had been interred at Fordham, and on January 19th last, the seventy-sixth anniversary of the poet's birth, Mrs. Poe's coffin was placed beside that of her husband with a simple short service.

THE QUIANT BRIGHT-HUED JAPANESE PARASOLS which have long ornamented our fireplaces are utilised in fashionable Transatlantic drawing-rooms as waste-paper baskets. The parasols are half-opened, and held in place by a ribbon-covered wire along the inside, the handle is cut rather short, and covered with bright satin or velvet, and on the top is a stuffed bird of brilliant plumage in a nest of coffee lace.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE has been applied to a new use in Paris—the election of that unpleasant but necessary individual, the *concierge*. Lately the proprietor of a large tenement-house, containing 189 families, found it quite impossible to choose a *concierge* himself so as to give general satisfaction to his tenants. So he assembled the inmates in the courtyard, provided them with a ballot-box, and left them to make the decision.

THE SUNDAY OPENING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM seems now a mere question of time. The Trustees are on the whole distinctly in favour of opening some parts of the building on Sunday, but they can do nothing without Government sanction, and must wait till Parliament pronounces on the subject. Further, they are willing to open the Museum in the evening, thanks to the use of the electric light, while on the other hand the Trustees of the National Gallery have decidedly refused to open the Gallery for three nights weekly, in reply to a largely signed petition presented on behalf of the Lord's Day Rest Association.

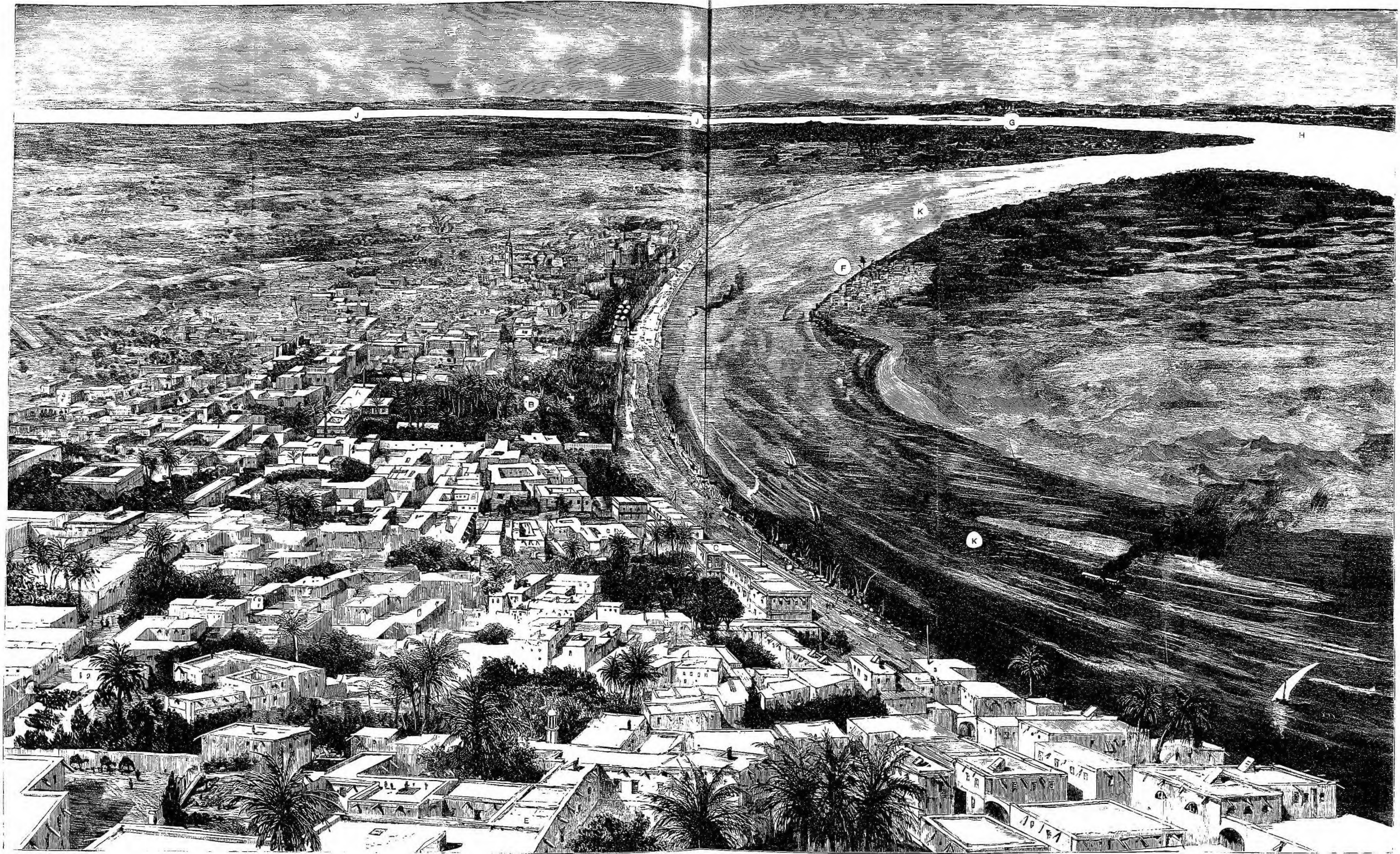
THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURES OF TROPICAL FLORA by Miss Marianne North, now housed at Kew, will evidently be matched by a collection of South American trees and flowers which the artist is making on her present tour. Miss North, the *Colonies* tells us, has been staying at Santiago, Chili, and on a Chilean farm, and greatly appreciating the luxuriant vegetation, and especially the magnolia, or green puza, which she declares is worth crossing the world to paint. By this time she has gone south, to the great araucaria forests, to paint these giant "monkey puzzle" trees, and thence travels up the west coast on her way back to England in the spring. By the way, the extreme prickliness of Chilean vegetation is said to have frightened away all the monkeys across the Cordilleras.

RAILWAY PASSENGER TRAFFIC IN GERMANY greatly needs reform, according to the opinion of experienced observers, stated in a Teutonic railway journal. It is suggested that both the first and the fourth class should be suppressed, as hardly more than one per cent. travels by the former class, while the latter is used by people who can well afford to pay higher fares. Originally the fourth class was introduced for the benefit of poor workpeople, yet on some lines it now carries nearly half the travellers. There is an old saying that in Germany "Only Princes, Englishmen, and fools travel first class," and certainly the German second class carriages quite equal the first in other countries, so that few people are inclined to pay the higher fare. Reformers suggest that only two classes should be used, as on our own Midland Railway, that the tariff should be lower and more uniform, and that return and children's tickets, and free baggage, should be abolished.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE BASTIEN-LEPAGE are to be exhibited in Paris next month, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, about the same time as those of Eugène Delacroix. Parisians need not complain of the lack of Art Exhibitions, for another collection of modern works has been opened this week on behalf of the Frenchwomen's Association for Assisting Wounded Soldiers. French Art, however, has just lost a good friend in M. Du Sommerard, son of the founder of the Musée de Cluny, and himself the Director of the famous antiquarian Museum. His death closely follows that of another antiquarian authority, M. de Liéville, who was one of the chief promoters of all recent retrospective exhibitions, and leaves behind him a quaint collection of patriotic China plates of Revolutionary times. M. du Sommerard was a first-rate judge of *bric-à-brac*, and worked zealously to represent French Art adequately at the Viennese and London International Exhibitions.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,592 deaths were registered against 1,885 during the previous seven days, a fall of 293, being 473 below the average, and at the rate of 20.3. There were 41 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 12), 16 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever (a decline of 1), 19 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), and 41 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 19). There were 1,144 small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals last Saturday, against 1,147 the previous week. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 421, a fall of 92, and 226 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths; 40 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,806 births registered against 2,727 the previous week. The mean temperature of the air was 43.6 deg., and 3.1 deg. above the average. There were 9.7 hours of bright sunshine against 13.4 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

CARNIVAL is now in full swing amongst our Canadian brethren, and the much-discussed ice castle at Montreal is a tremendous success. So it ought to be, considering the pains bestowed, and the unpleasant character of the work executed by the masons, who laboured steadily in the midst of several "blizzards." "The wind cut like a razor," says the *New York Herald*, "and howled through the rigging of the derricks as though there were a brigade of wolves riding overhead, eager to devour the workmen. All were heavily clad. They were frosted with snow on heads and shoulders; their beards were matted, and icicles hung from their mustaches and down their beards. The masons who used the water cans were icicles everywhere. There was no conversation; they moved about as though language were forbidden. It required no stretch of fancy to compare them with Rip Van Winkle's hosts in the Catskills, save that they seemed to be making a fairy home for the ice witches or the Arctic Queen. Weird and peculiar it was to see them up there twenty feet from the ground. Their helpers were hidden from view inside the bastions of the castle, and the water-barrels seemed to be hoisted up by unseen hands."



A. THE AUSTRIAN MISSION CONVENT.—B. GARDEN OF THE AUSTRIAN MISSION.—C. THE PALACE (FORMER HEAD-QUARTERS OF GORDON).—D. GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.—E. BARRACKS.—F. TUL.—G. OMDURMAN.—H. FORTIFIED CAMP, OMDURMAN.—JJ. THE WHITE NILE.—KK. THE BLUE NILE.

KHARTOUM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUDAN, DEFENDED AGAINST THE MAHDI BY THE LATE GENERAL GORDON FROM FEBRUARY 18, 1884, TO JANUARY 26, 1885



THE FALL OF KHARTOUM and the death of General Gordon have completely changed our original plan of campaign in EGYPT. While the troops originally sent with Lord Wolseley were considered amply sufficient to reach Khartoum, and joining hands with Gordon's troops to effect a safe "retirement" to the new Egyptian frontier at Wady Halfa, it is manifest that such a force could not, with any degree of prudence, venture to attack an enemy overwhelming in number, flushed with recent victory, provided with modern artillery, and led by a chieftain who is regarded by his followers with fanatical reverence as a prophet. Thus, before taking any further decisive action, Lord Wolseley will await General Graham and his reinforcements which, to the amount of 7,000 British, in addition to a contingent of 3,000 Indian troops, are being despatched to Egypt with all possible speed. The Suakim-Berber route, which has throughout been urged upon the authorities by military experts, will now be adopted, and meanwhile Lord Wolseley will concentrate his forces at Gubat, where extensive works are being thrown up and preparations made to resist any onslaught which the Mahdi may think fit to make upon the position. The column recently commanded by the late General Earle, however, will continue their advance upon Berber, so as to place that town between two fires. The distance from Suakim to Berber is 265 miles, and was traversed in February, 1883, by Hicks Pasha and eight thousand troops in sixteen days. Then Suakim was, militarily speaking, merely a geographical expression. Now, however, its garrison of British troops have converted it into an impregnable position, have erected landing stages and warehouses, cranes, and a short railway of a mile and a half, so that it will form an admirable base for operations; while Osman Digma and his followers, though ready enough to conduct persistent guerrilla warfare, have not forgotten the lessons taught them at El Teb and Tamanieb, and are very chary of encountering any considerable force of British troops in the open. Suakim is about twenty days' steam from Portsmouth, and ten from Bombay, so that in less than a month the reinforcements may be expected to begin operations.

To resume our chronicle of events. Sir Charles Wilson, with a portion of the Sussex Regiment, started in two steamers, the *Bordein* and *Tullhoweysa*, for Khartoum from Gubat on January 24. Throughout the journey the steamers were repeatedly fired upon from the banks, and at the first part of the Sixth Cataract the *Bordein* ran upon the rock, being eventually got off undamaged. On the 28th, about noon, the steamer arrived opposite Omdurman, within sight of Khartoum, and was received with a heavy fire both from rifles and Krupps. When abreast of Tuti Island, which it was thought was still in the occupation of General Gordon, a new battery was opened upon the vessels, and it was then clear that Khartoum was in the hands of the Mahdi, whose followers could be seen swarming in the streets of the ill-fated town. The flagstaff was still on the summit of Government House, but Gordon's flag no longer surmounted it, so, abandoning all hope, Sir Charles Wilson, after having approached to within 800 yards of the town, determined to return to Gubat. The steamers then proceeded down stream under a heavy fire, and anchored above the Sixth Cataract for the night. A spy, being sent on shore, learned that the city had been betrayed into the hands of the Mahdi on the night of January 26 by Faraz Pasha, and a native of Assouan named Ahmed Gelab, who raised a false alarm of attack at one end of the city. When all available troops had been sent thither these miscreants opened the gates on the opposite side to the Mahdi's troops. As to Gordon's fate there were various conflicting rumours, some asserting that he had been killed—others that he was holding out with the Greek Consul and fifty men in the Roman Catholic Mission buildings, which had been specially constructed with a view of sustaining a siege. On the 29th ult. the journey down stream was continued, but below Jebel Royan the *Tullhoweysa* ran upon a rock and sunk, there being time, however, to transfer the crew, soldiers, guns, and baggage on to a large nigger which she had been towing. That day a messenger from the Mahdi came on board with a letter summoning the British troops to become Mussulmans, and to abandon further operations. It also declared that Gordon had voluntarily surrendered, and that he had assumed the Mahdi's uniform, and had become a Moslem. On the 31st ult., after passing the Shabluka Cataract, the *Bordein* struck upon a rock, and was wrecked, the whole party landing upon a neighbouring island. Lieutenant Stuart Wortley with twelve men were at once despatched for help to Gubat a distance of forty-two miles, arriving there next morning.

Lord Charles Beresford at once started to the rescue in the steamer *Sofia*. On the 2nd he sighted the wreck of the *Bordein*, but was received by a heavy fire from the western bank. To this he replied briskly with some howitzers and Gardner's; but a shell from the enemy, striking the *Sofia*, entered her boiler and rendered her temporarily useless. Lord Charles Beresford at once anchored, though only 500 yards off the enemy's fort, and set to work to repair the damage, every effort being made by the troops on board to keep down the enemy's fire. Sir Charles Wilson, seeing the rush of steam, concluded that the boiler had burst, and, crossing over to the right bank, marched down to lend his assistance. In the morning the damage to the boiler had been repaired, and, to the intense astonishment of the Sudanese, who thought that the steamer had been abandoned, the *Sofia* once more got up steam, and, embarking Sir Charles Wilson and his party, ran safely down to Gubat. Lord Charles Beresford is highly praised for the gallantry with which he effected Sir Charles Wilson's rescue. The loss of the two steamers is attributable to the treachery of the Arab pilots, who have accordingly been arraigned before a court-martial. The British loss only amounted to one naval petty officer, Edward Curson, killed, and seven men and one officer, Lieutenant Von Koughnet, wounded.

Scouts were then sent to Khartoum to ascertain the truth about Gordon. They brought back a truly terrible story. The Mahdi's troops appear to have rushed into the city like the hordes of Tamerlane. "The word was given to slay," writes the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. "A massacre of indescribable ferocity followed. Those who had remained faithful to the gallant Englishman who had stood so long between them and the knife, regardless of age or sex, were ruthlessly butchered. The women, for the most part, were murdered in cold blood, and little children spitted on the Arab spears in pure wantonness." Gordon himself is said to have been stabbed while leaving Government House, and rallying the remnant of his followers to make a last sally. The Mahdi's troops, however, did not confine themselves to murder and plunder, but set to work immediately to strengthen and man the defensive works with strong squads of sharpshooters, and place the town into a fit condition to resist a siege.

Sir Charles Wilson at once determined to confer with Lord Wolseley at Korti, and with an escort of one hundred men crossed the desert in four days, arriving at head-quarters on February 9th. Meanwhile Lord Wolseley had been pushing forward reinforcements across the desert to Gakdul and Gubat. At present the desert road is open; but, on January 30th, a convoy under Colonel Talbot,

when about three miles from Gakdul, sighted a body of hostile Arabs 1,000 strong, and, though they were dispersed by a sharp shell fire, their very appearance shows that the enemy is on the alert, and that there is every danger of our communications being cut at any time. Indeed, from the recent reconnaissances up the river, it is certain that the enemy are in strong force on the right bank of the river, and thus, now that Khartoum has fallen and set the whole of the Mahdi's army free, are capable of advancing in strength upon our columns. Sir Redvers Buller, with the Royal Irish, has probably reached Gubat by this time, and assumed the command which Sir Herbert Stewart was compelled to relinquish. That officer's wound is doing well, though he is not yet able to be moved to Gakdul, whither a conveyance of 120 wounded has been safely sent. There is continued outpost firing, but no fighting of any importance has occurred. The force at Metemeh which will shortly be attacked is estimated at from 2,000 to 3,000.

General Earle has lost his life in a sharp battle on Monday. He had arrived off Dulka Island, seventy miles from Merawi, and had constructed a zeriba. Learning, however, that the enemy was in force in the neighbourhood, General Earle determined to attack, despatched the Black Watch to surprise the Arab flank, and ordered the South Staffordshire to take up a position in front. The Black Watch charged with great steadiness, and carried the enemy's position, which was very strong, consisting of rocky and broken ground, strengthened by loop-holed walls, through which a well-directed fire was maintained. The Black Watch drove out the Arabs at the point of the bayonet, but in leading on the troops General Earle fell. Lieut.-Colonel Eyre also fell while leading the Staffordshire Regiment. A third officer, Lieut.-Colonel Coveny, of the Royal Highlanders, was also killed. General Earle had a previous brush with the enemy on the 7th, capturing a large number of Remington rifles, camels, and cattle. The troops also destroyed the house and other property of Suleiman Gamr, the leader of the Monassir tribe, and one of the chief leaders in the massacre of Colonel Stewart and his party. General Brackenbury has now taken the command, and is continuing the advance.

Public opinion abroad—a few French and German journals excepted—has been extremely sympathetic with England, and although the fall of Khartoum is pronounced to be a serious blow to British prestige in the East it is generally felt that the English Government will at length be aroused to a sense of the danger of the situation, and take ample steps to regain our supremacy on the Nile. In ITALY the most profound sympathy has been expressed, and universal anxiety has been shown to lend a helping hand to England by despatching an army to the Sudan. At the same time, it is acknowledged that England would certainly consider it beneath her dignity to ask for aid, and, moreover, would be equally sensitive if help were proffered. Nevertheless, the Italians are taking a prominent part in East African affairs, manifestly with the consent of, if not in accordance with, England. On February 8th the Italian Admiral, Garini, occupied Massowah, despite the protest of the Egyptian Governor, and landing troops at once hoisted the Italian flag by the side of the Egyptian, and garrisoned the forts. The Admiral issued a proclamation explaining that his mission was purely pacific, and announcing that the port of Massowah was free to all traders. This energetic action of Italy is by no means relished either by Germany or Austria—the latter, in particular, is especially jealous of her traditional foe.

While, however, the military situation in Egypt has changed materially for the worse, the political crisis shows signs of coming to a peaceful conclusion. England having given her assent to the French counter-proposal, with certain amendments, for the definitive settlement of Egyptian finance, the other Powers have signified their willingness to come to an agreement on the same terms, and it is probable that an arrangement will be signed before the opening of Parliament ready for immediate ratification. Should this be done, the ratification by the other European Parliaments will follow as a matter of course. One of the first results will be the formation of an International Commission to consider the proposals for neutralising the Suez Canal.

GERMANY, through yet another White Book, has informed the world at large that British and Teutonic interests are not only clashing in Western and Southern Africa and Fiji, but that a sharp quarrel is still pending between the two Governments relative to the recent annexations in New Guinea. A lengthy correspondence on the matter has been published, of which the gist is simply this, that when, in September last, the British Government announced its intention of annexing the whole of New Guinea not occupied by the Dutch, excepting a portion of the Northern Coast, Prince Bismarck objected on the plea that such annexation was contrary to the spirit of certain negotiations which had been going on for a Joint Commission to settle German and British conflicting interests in the South Seas. Accordingly, England restricted the proclamation of her Protectorate to the Southern Coast. Next followed a long wrangle over certain proposals for the settlement of the points in dispute, by which England claimed the protectorate over all the non-Dutch territory of New Guinea, and offered to compensate Germany by the cession of certain neighbouring islands, and some territory adjoining Angora Pequena in South-West Africa. Then came the annexation by Germany of the Northern Coast of New Guinea, upon which Earl Granville, expressing his surprise, promptly annexed the Eastern and North-eastern coasts, from the East Cape to the Gulf of Huon and the adjoining island groups. This brought down a very angry protest from Prince Bismarck, reminding Earl Granville of his promise to restrict his annexations to the Southern coasts, to which the British Minister replied that to leave open territory annexed neither by England nor Germany would be to leave it for the settlement of freebooters. Prince Bismarck, however, angrily renewed his protest, declaring that Lord Granville had not read his letters in a friendly spirit, and there the matter stands. The deliberations of the West African Conference have brought forth nothing fresh, and are likely to be yet further delayed by the action of Portugal, which has now taken official possession of the mouth of the Congo.

In FRANCE the Senate has been busily discussing the Recidivists' (Habitual Criminals) Bill, and have agreed to the main principle of transportation to French Colonies. The Chamber has been debating the new Bill levying duties on imported corn. M. Méline made an energetic speech in favour of Protectionism, declaring that Free Trade seemed in conformity with abstract reasoning, but that it was not possible to adopt it until all nations were fused into one, or until the nation wishing to apply it was in the enjoyment of an incontestable industrial superiority. England alone, thanks to its iron, its coal mines, and its colonies, could adopt Free Trade with impunity. France had not these advantages. There is little else stirring in the political world, save that it has been intimated that M. Grévy, whose term of Presidency comes to a close next year, will not seek re-election, and people are beginning to wonder whether M. Jules Ferry will be the next Chief of the State. There has been some better news from China, where General Brière de Lisle on the 6th inst. captured a line of three forts commanding the Chinese entrenched camp of Dong-Song; while on the 3rd inst. Admiral Courbet's positions at Kelung were attacked by the Chinese, who were successfully repulsed with loss. The French Government have now officially announced that during the hostilities the right of a belligerent to search neutral vessels on the high seas for contraband of war will be exercised.—In Paris a great Anarchist demonstration was summoned to meet in the Place de l'Opéra, to "flourish their rags in the face of the rich—not to move their com-

passion, but work upon their fears." For once the Government took immediate action, arrested the ringleaders, and occupied the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra with troops and police. Beyond the appearance of a few bodies of roughs singing the Carmagnole, however, nothing happened, the police promptly arresting all would-be rioters. In another quarter of Paris, however, a band of young men broke the glass in a gunmaker's shop, and appropriated some rifles and revolvers. By midnight, however, order was restored, no further damage having been done.—To turn to a more pleasing topic, two new and successful comedies have been brought out this week: *Clara Solera*, at the Vaudeville, by MM. Edouard Gondinet and Pierre Sivrac, and *La Maison des Deux Barbeaux*, by MM. André Theuriot and Henri Livre, at the Odéon.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from SPAIN that great distress exists amongst the working classes, particularly in Madrid and the manufacturing towns.—In INDIA Burmese affairs are attracting great attention, particularly with regard to the insurrection which is paralysing trade, and to the new treaty with France. Energetic action is being urged upon the Government.—In the UNITED STATES O'Donovan Rossa is now nearly well. It is said that he does not intend to prosecute Mrs. Dudley. Short, the man who shot Phelan, has been liberated on bail. The *United Ireland* now offers a reward of 10,000 dollars for the body of the Prince of Wales, alive or dead.—In CANADA the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, has officially stated that no correspondence has been exchanged with England on the subject of Imperial Federation, and that the Canadian Government does not at present intend to take steps in the matter.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice were expected to return to Windsor from the Isle of Wight yesterday (Friday). Before leaving Osborne Her Majesty, on Saturday night, entertained the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng at dinner. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng officiated; and later in the day the Marquis of Hartington arrived and had audience of Her Majesty. The Marquis and Sir H. Ponsonby also dined with the Queen in the evening. Next day Princess Louis of Battenberg joined Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice at lunch. On Tuesday the Hon. H. Crespiigny Vivian, C.B. kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Brussels, and subsequently dined with Her Majesty. The Queen will remain six weeks at Windsor before leaving for Germany to attend the confirmation of the Hereditary Prince of Hesse.

The Prince of Wales has been joining in the Carnival festivities at Cannes, where his niece, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, with her husband, and other Royal visitors are now staying, and the Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria are shortly expected. Since his arrival in France the Prince has twice narrowly escaped a severe accident. On his way to Cannes his train collided with a goods train at Avignon Station, causing a violent shaking and much delay; while when driving to a *fête* given by Lady Murray at Cannes, the Prince's carriage ran against a heap of stones, breaking a shaft, so that he had to take another carriage. On Saturday night he dined with the Princesses de Sagan, and on Monday lunched with the Duchesse de Luynes, witnessed a regatta and some pigeon-shooting, and in the evening attended the Duke of Mecklenburg's *fête*. The Prince on Tuesday watched the Battle of Flowers from the Promenade de la Croisette, where he occupied a carriage with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. One of the Prince's first visits in Cannes was to the Villa Nevada, where the Duke of Albany died. The Prince will leave Cannes on Tuesday, and is expected in England by Thursday or Friday. On the 23rd he will visit Sir A. Alison, at Aldershot, to decide on a site for the Duke of Wellington's statue, and on March 2nd and 14th will hold Levées at St. James's Palace, on behalf of the Queen.—The Princess of Wales remains at Sandringham with her daughters, and on Sunday they attended Divine service at St. Mary Magdalene, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated.—Prince Albert Victor has received the Grand Cordon of the Osmanie Order from the Sultan.—Prince George leaves Greenwich College at Easter, and will complete his course of naval gunnery and torpedo instruction on board H.M.S. *Excellent*, at Portsmouth. Quarters are being prepared for the Prince, who will begin the course in April.

The Duke of Connaught has become President of the Essex Agricultural Society for this year.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has made known his wish that special intercession should be made at all services in our churches for our forces and commanders in the Sudan.

REFERENCES TO THE FALL OF KHARTOUM and to the heroic Gordon were made on Sunday in many churches and chapels in London and throughout the kingdom. Misled by information which reached him as the usual procession was moving in Westminster Abbey from the nave to the choir, which Mr. Gladstone had just entered, and thinking that the news had come from the Prime Minister, the Dean of Westminster told the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to preach, that a message had arrived from the Government announcing that General Gordon was alive. The Primate naturally wove the glad tidings into the impressive passages of his sermon dealing with the course of events in Egypt, but only to learn at the end of the service that "some one had blundered."

AT A MEETING of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Bishop of Liverpool, referring to the fate of him whom he called "poor dear Gordon," said that the whole policy of this country at home and abroad had been marked for the past three or four years by "fumbling, fumbling" all round. We had not understood what our policy was; we were always too late—too late.

AN AUTHENTIC CONTRADICTION has been given to the very improbable rumour that the venerable Dr. Trench, who lately resigned the Archbishopric of Dublin, had gone over to the Church of Rome.

THE REV. BROOKE LAMBERT, Vicar of Greenwich, preached on Sunday evening in Westbourne Park Chapel—a Nonconformist place of worship. Before beginning his discourse he explained that the incumbent of the chapel, Dr. Clifford, was throwing himself heartily into the West-End Mission. The aid of a clergyman of the Church of England having been sought to join him in setting forth its work, the choice had fallen on himself. He believed he was not breaking the law. If he was, he must suffer for it. There was no malice of larger heart in these matters than his Diocesan, the

Bishop of Rochester, to whom it would fall to prosecute. No one could connect that prelate's name with the idea of persecution.

WITH SUNDAY ARRIVED the formal commencement, in some three hundred Churches, of the West-End Mission, which has since been prosecuted with energy and success. On Saturday the Bishop Designate of London, Dr. Temple, addressed a large number of the clergy and laity engaged in the Mission. Replying to his own question, why they should in this way step out of their ordinary course, he said that it was because the familiar voice and the ordinary round of services had produced on many a kind of dulness, and they needed something to rouse them, to startle them, and to awaken them from their slumbers.

MEMORIAL TABLETS in honour of Colonel Burnaby and Lord St. Vincent, as old Harrovians, are to be created in the "Memorial Aisle" of the Chapel of Harrow School.

MR. BRIGHT has sent a "small cheque" to aid the funds of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, the objects of which he cordially approves of.



A "LISZT" CONCERT.—Last week Mr. Walter Bache, for the twelfth time, afforded a select assemblage the opportunity of listening to some of the orchestral works of the Abbé Liszt. Now and again, when perhaps times are hard, we miss the annual infliction. But no sooner has Mr. Walter Bache plucked up further courage, than these Lisztian pearls are once more cast before the unappreciative. Nineteen important works by Liszt have been given at intervals by Mr. Bache during the past thirteen or fourteen years, and, although the music of Liszt has not become popularised nor generally accepted, the penitential invitations to St. James's Hall are still issued at intervals more or less remote. Last week the programme began and ended with a March, the prelude being Liszt's version of the "Rákóczi," and the postlude the tramp of the three Holy Kings from the oratorio "Christus." Enclosed between these two works were a singularly feeble "Angelus," a dramatic scena, *Jeune d'Ar au bûcher*, most admirably sung by Mdlle. Barbi, the now familiar E flat concerto played by Mr. Bache, with Mr. Dannreuther for the nonce at the conductor's desk, and the "Dante" Symphony. The last-named work was, it will be recollected, twice performed under Mr. Ganz in 1882. It pretends to depict in music Liszt's impressions of the "Divina Commedia," and it is less a symphony than an orchestral poem. The first movement is, of course, entitled "Inferno," after which the "Purgatorio" flows without break into the "Paradiso." Various ideas have been promulgated of the "Inferno." Dante's notion of the eight circles we know; nor is the Mahomedan belief of seven compartments, the coolest for believers, the next for Jews, a hotter department for Christians, and the warmest of all for hypocrites, less familiar to students. The revivalist preacher during a cold winter enunciated the famous doctrine, "Dat nigger who steals his neighbour's fowls will go to hell and be froze." Called to account for his theological error, he clenched the matter with the terse explanation, "Tell dem niggers there's fuel in Hades, and there won't be a hen left in the village." The Abbé Liszt has a different idea of the place of torment. He starts with a passage typical of the words painted over hell's gates, and followed by the sentence, "Abandon hope who enter here." He then proceeds through an abundance of noise until the arrival of a movement marked "*allegro frenetico*," which not even the elect would probably consider aught but cacophonous. An episode intended to depict Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, "who go together, And seem upon the wind to be so light," affords a welcome relief; until the infernal regions once more are reached, a passage which Liszt in his score thoughtfully states is typical of "blasphemous scoffing" is past, and the "Abandon hope" business is reiterated. A pause, and we are introduced to Purgatory, two of the drums and the tam-tam being left in "another place." Purgatory is restless until it develops into a dreamy scene, which culminates as the Mount of Purgatory is reached. There Liszt intends the auditors to enjoy a glimpse into Paradise. But the voice of a small boy who sang very much through his nose, replaced the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft; while a mixed chorus of ladies singing a version of a Gregorian tone, and obviously ill at their ease in a situation that Liszt never intended, were but sorry representatives of those who, "unseen choirs, sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love, and benedictions of the Holy Ghost." Under such conditions there were last week scoffers who declared that, speaking of course entirely from an abstract and musical point of view, they preferred Purgatory to Paradise, and Gehenna to either.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—The arrangements for the musical section of this exhibition are in vigorous progress. We have authority to announce that the famous Viennese band of Herr Strauss has been engaged, and that the King of Siam has volunteered to send over a complete orchestra to play national music upon Siamese instruments. Another special feature of the exhibition will be a series of ancient concerts, in which an endeavour will be made to secure artists to play obsolete instruments, and antique works will be performed as nearly as possible as they were written. There will also be choral and brass band competitions, both national and international, for various prizes. About a thousand musical instruments of all sorts will be exhibited by the leading makers, and recitals and musical performances will practically be going on all day in a concert room specially provided for that purpose. A loan collection of rare and valuable musical exhibits will be placed in the Albert Hall. The Commission have resolved to adopt the high Kneller Hall pitch (the pitch now used by authority for military band instruments), but a congress will assemble in the course of the summer to discuss this most difficult question.

OPERATIC MATTERS.—Mr. Carl Rosa has, it is said, arranged with Mr. Augustus Harris for an opera season at Drury Lane in 1886. From the list of the Carl Rosa London company given last week, and engaged for Easter, the name of Mr. Barrington Foote was omitted. Madame Marie Roze has been engaged for the provincial tour of 1885-6; when it is, we hear, not unlikely that Miss Julia Gaylord will join the company.—Although rumours are plentiful enough, nothing definite has yet been done in regard to Italian Opera this summer.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Upwards of 900*l.* has already been collected for the concert to be given at Reading, February 24, in aid of the Royal College of Music, and at which the Duke of Edinburgh will play.—The following secured the highest votes at the Glasgow Plebiscite:—Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, Rossini's *William Tell* Overture, Schubert's *Rosamunde* ballet music, and Haydn's *Largo* in F sharp for strings.—The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestra threaten on Saturday to produce Herr Tausch's "concerto for six kettledrums."—Before the commencement of the London season Herr Richter will have a provincial symphony tour, beginning at Nottingham, April 20, and ending at Sheffield, four days later.—The birth is announced at St. Petersburg of a son of M. Vladimir de

Pachmann, the celebrated Chopin player, and his wife, *nie* Maggie Okey.—The audience on Wednesday evening at the Ballad Concerts were in a very encoring humour. They encored nearly everything, among others, chiefly perhaps owing to Mr. Santley's spirited delivery, a new song by Ralph Betterton, entitled, "Son of the Ocean Isle." Considerable interest was created by the first appearance of Miss Violet Cameron at these concerts. She sang Tosti's "Good-Bye," and "Hearts of Oak." Madame Trebelli, we think, scored the chief honours of the evening. Her rendering of Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne" was rapturously received.—At the Popular Concerts there have been no novelties; but Herr Joachim will reappear on Saturday, and on Monday will play the Bach Chaconne and one of the Razoumowsky quartets.—Mr. Anton Hartvigson, Mr. Walter Mackway, Mr. C. S. Macpherson, Mr. Alfred Richter, and others, have given concerts.—On Thursday of this week Mr. G. Gordon Cleather, the able manager of the Crystal Palace, was announced to play before the "Bohemian Musical Society" the solo in Tausch's concerto for six drums, and to perform Gumbert's whistling solo, "Oh, haste ye then, ye little birds."

VALENTINE HUMOUR

BEFORE postal facilities existed, the lovesick swain on the eve of the 14th February would lay his Valentine—written as a rule by himself—on the doorstep, or just under the door of the beloved one's house, and then knock or ring and run to some sheltered spot whence unobserved he could watch the result. How violently must his heart have beat as he descried the well-known face peering out of the doorway, with the light of a candle thrown on it, and standing out in charming relief to the surrounding darkness. Even in those days the humorist was abroad, and would give a mischievous turn to the practice by chalking a square in front of the door of some female acquaintance, so as to resemble a letter, and would derive immense amusement from the futile attempts made to pick up the "phantom Valentine."

In the modern custom humour, if the current Valentine jokes may be dignified by such a term, is the paramount element, as the shop windows and the products of the post abundantly testify. From the latter source it is gathered that China and rag dolls are most in popular favour, and whilst some are posted in a shocking state of simplicity, others are gaily caparisoned with ribbons and bibbons, tassels, feathers, and needle-work, heedless of any regard to the convenience of the Post Office in effecting their delivery. Biscuits, scones, and rolls are also freely utilised for Valentine purposes, these being curiously decorated with the addresses inscribed on them. A mirth-inspiring notion, too, is to send little coffins containing dolls dressed as babies, while all kinds of toys, tin-whistles, and jumping jacks are showered into the postal receptacles with an unsparing hand, besides boxes containing small shirt-fronts, collars, and cuffs, and perhaps toy baby clothes, each and all according to the particular facetious insinuation designed to be conveyed by their despatch. Bottles of Eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes are of course freely sent for Valentines, and as they frequently get broken in transit, thereby saturating hundreds of letters, they are regarded by the jaded sorters, through whose hands they pass, as the most refreshing kind of Valentine.

Many of the toy and other comic Valentines are, however, made amusing enough by the labels and curious addresses attached to them. In many cases the cover of a properly enclosed Valentine will betray that the best efforts of the sender have been expended on the outside. With the poorer classes it is an extremely popular form of wit to cover the envelope, both back and front, with long and elaborate addresses, containing frequently, also, facetious instructions to the postman, which, however, so far from affording any assistance in the delivery of the same, more often than not retard the delivery by the difficulty caused in eliminating the name and address of the favoured person. Thus, for instance, it is extremely doubtful whether the transmission of the Valentine bearing on the cover this direction:—

Run, postman, run, and do not tarry,
But deliver this to dirty Mary,

was expedited thereby, while it is quite certain that the lady to whom it was addressed cannot have shared with the sender the spirit of the joke, which was undoubtedly more personal than elegant. There is, always, however, in modern Valentine humour a certain amount of personality, as a worthy gentleman who had a weakness for gorgeous waistcoats, and indulged in several varieties even in the course of the day, was fain to confess, when he received a tailor's measuring tape addressed to "Mr. Dash, Dealer in Waistcoats."

As may be imagined, of course matrimony is the favourite theme for the Valentine humorist, and when a young, or, still more, when an old couple are rash enough to become united, a sure sequence on the next Fourteenth of February is an inundation of gentle reminders of the bliss in store for them. Nor are the more experienced in married life left unmolested; for them is reserved the fate of receiving innumerable taunting representations of married wretchedness. The shop windows are at this time of year full of such, thus showing the popularity of the joke, and if any faith is to be put in these pictorial illustrations, who can have sympathy for the man who, after such gratuitous warnings, forsakes the blessedness of his single estate? "Chaff" of this description is part and parcel, however, of our institutions, and should be received with the best grace possible, although this is more easily said than done, as the worthy provincial alderman, a bachelor, and one of the foremost subscribers to a silver cradle recently presented to the wife of his mayor, no doubt thought when he received next Valentine's Day a beautifully finished toy cradle, about eighteen inches long, and tenanted by twin dolls. The situation was not, of course, the less embarrassing by the cradle being posted, as appears to be the custom in such jokes, with merely a label bearing the address, nor was it calculated to be rendered any the more tolerable by the ill-concealed grins of the usually demure Phyllis, as she handed her master this tender reminder of his lonely estate. Whence the Valentine came, or whether it was prompted by the sympathy inspired in the soul of some female friend, does not appear to have been ever discovered by the forlorn Alderman. It is not, however, always that the secrecy desired in perpetrating such jokes so successfully baffles discovery, as instance the case of a middle-aged bachelor, who, having evinced a patriotic desire to share in the defence of his country by joining the Volunteers, received as a Valentine an amateur effort in water-colours, reflecting somewhat unkindly upon the figure he cut as a recruit belonging to the "awkward squad." This gallant soldier took the first opportunity of calling at the house whence he suspected the offensive missive had emanated, with a view to inquiry, but he was strangely surprised by meeting with the ejaculation from the lady of the house, before even he had time to say a word, "Really, I assure you, I did not post it." The raw recruit had no occasion to proceed further in his inquiry, for the well-known adage, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse," was here thoroughly exemplified.

Many other amusing incidents might be quoted to illustrate the spirit of Valentine humour; but enough has been said to afford an idea of the extensiveness of the element in the Valentine custom. For the rest, it may be remarked that, so long as the wit consists of fun pure and simple, little can be urged against so harmless a form of amusement. Unfortunately, however, when handled by the masses, the spirit of the humour is apt to degenerate very considerably, so that at length it can hardly be recognised as that which it is represented to be. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to remedy

a matter of this kind, and while it is extremely to be deplored, we must perforce rest content with the consolation that at least all openly offensive and indecent articles of Valentine humour are promptly intercepted by the Post-Office authorities, and the senders, if possible, punished according to their deserts. A. G. B.



THE TURF.—There has been fair "cross-country" sport this week at Four Oaks Park and Cheltenham, with enjoyable weather; but the results have not been either important in themselves or suggestive as to future events. More interest has probably been felt among the racing fraternity in the publication, on Wednesday last, of the acceptances for the chief Spring Handicaps, which, with hardly an exception, are considerably above the average, and indicative, as were the entries, of some spirited racing during the early part of the flat season.—There is but little change in the market in reference to the Derby and Two Thousand, Paradox still holding the pride of place for both, though his stable companion, Luminary, receives increased support for the former.

COURSING.—We are now on the eve of the battle of Waterloo; and hardly in the memory of the oldest coursers has the event presented a more open appearance, the public running of the last few weeks having thrown next to no light upon it. Mr. Mayer's and Mr. Crosse's nominations which, ever since Christmas have been the most fancied, still stand at the head of the quotations, and seem likely to hold the same position when the first brace of dogs are delivered to the slipper on Wednesday next. The former will be represented by Mineral Water (last year's winner), and the latter by his first season dog, Clamor. Mr. Gladstone (not the G. O. M.), is next in demand, and is represented by his Greentick, who ran so well on the last anniversary.

FOOTBALL.—The games remaining to be played in the Association Challenge Cup contests are: Old Etonians v. Notts Forest, Notts Club v. Queen's Park, West Bromwich Albion v. Blackburn Rovers (the holders), and Church v. Old Carthusians.—For the London Association Cup, Upton Park (the holders) have again to meet West End on the 28th inst.; and the winners will have to meet the Old Foresters in the final at the Oval on the following Saturday.—In Association games of importance Birmingham has beaten London; Oxford University Bucks and Berks (united); Accrington Edinburgh University; Lancashire Ayrshire; Aston Villa Edinburgh University; and Notts County Preston North End.—In Rugby matches England has beaten Ireland; Cambridge University Edinburgh University; Edinburgh University Oxford University; Manchester the North of Ireland; and Yorkshire Northumberland; while Middlesex and Yorkshire have played a drawn game.

AQUATICS.—News comes from Sydney that the sculling match for 1,000*l.* over the champion course on the Parramatta River has resulted in the easy victory of Hanlan over Clifford. Presuming that the contest would be a *bona fide* one, there could be but one opinion among rowing men in this country as to how it would terminate. John Teemer, however, who hails from Pennsylvania, is not to be scared by Hanlan's prowess, and offers to row him or any other man in the world. He names England as the venue for a match, and will pay his own expenses higher.—The University crews have had fairly good weather for practice lately, and both are reported to be making excellent progress. The Cambridge men have had a new light boat by Clasper sent down to them.

CRICKET.—Statistics recently come to hand of the performances of the English cricketers in Australia show that they have done up to a certain date well. Two of the teams had made averages of 30 runs. Of the best English amateurs only five surpassed this last season, and only one professional, though Ulyett, whose Australian average is 30.3, averaged in England 29.29. It must be remarked, however, that the Australian averages are derived from much fewer matches than those from which the English figures are obtained. The bowling seems to have been creditable, except in the case of one bowler, and he only just falls short.—More than half the overs have been maidens. Ulyett, who has shown himself extremely useful, has, as nearly as possible, kept up in the colonies his English averages. It must not be forgotten, when comparisons are made, that Shaw's Eleven is by no means the strongest that could have been got together. It has proved itself strong enough for all practical purposes, however, and that is, after all, the great thing. Of the seven matches to which the above statistics refer the English have won six, and the other was drawn.—From the Antipodes, too, we read of a curious incident which occurred recently in a match between two Elevens representing Mumukkah and Tocumeval. The striker hit a ball which entered inside the shirt of the batsman at the bowler's end. The bowler, who essayed to catch the ball, on perceiving this, laid hold of the batsman, and tried hard to get the ball out from its resting-place before it touched the ground, and thus put out the striker. After a struggle in which nearly all the players took part, the ball was dropped on the ground. The umpire then gave the batsman out for handling the ball, but afterwards said this was incorrect, and the fielding eleven left the ground, the game remaining unsettled. The report altogether smacks more of a Rugby football game than of cricket.

SHOOTING.—By the end of the week, the "longtails" and other game will have disappeared from our shops, the days of grace for its sale having expired. Looking back on the season, it has been one of the most prolific, both in feather and fur, in the memory of the oldest sportsman; and the battue shooting with which it has closed has been especially notable. Some persons contend that the wholesale slaughter of pheasants, or whatever the game may be, constitutes an offence against the community at large, for some reason not very clearly set forth. Against this perverse view a correspondent of a Midland paper has recently put in evidence the actual good which results from the denounced pastime. He admits that at a recent grand battue in his neighbourhood some 3,000 pheasants were shot during the week. These birds were obtained from eggs hatched in aviaries, and from 60*l.* to 70*l.* was spent in the purchase of sitting hens from the cottagers' wives. After the young pheasants were turned loose, and before they arrived at maturity, their owners must have parted with 1,000*l.* for Indian corn, and that money, therefore, found its way into trade. It is further estimated that the guns belonging to the gentlemen who took part in the battue must have cost 2,000*l.*, every farthing of which went to support an important British industry. Then there the wages of keepers, the money spent by the party during their stay in the neighbourhood, the fees and "tips" which fly about on these occasions, and the subscriptions to local charities. Finally, a considerable portion of the game found its way to hospitals and other benevolent institutions.

SKATING.—The question whether a record made by a runner on ice will be recognised as good is likely to be fully discussed among our athletes for some days to come. The cause is that Myers ran, or is said to have run, 120 yards in 11¾ sec. on the ice at the Manhattan Club Grounds. He undertook to give Charles Pfall, jun., the amateur champion skater, five yards start in 120, and Myers won by four feet, the time being announced as 11¾ sec.



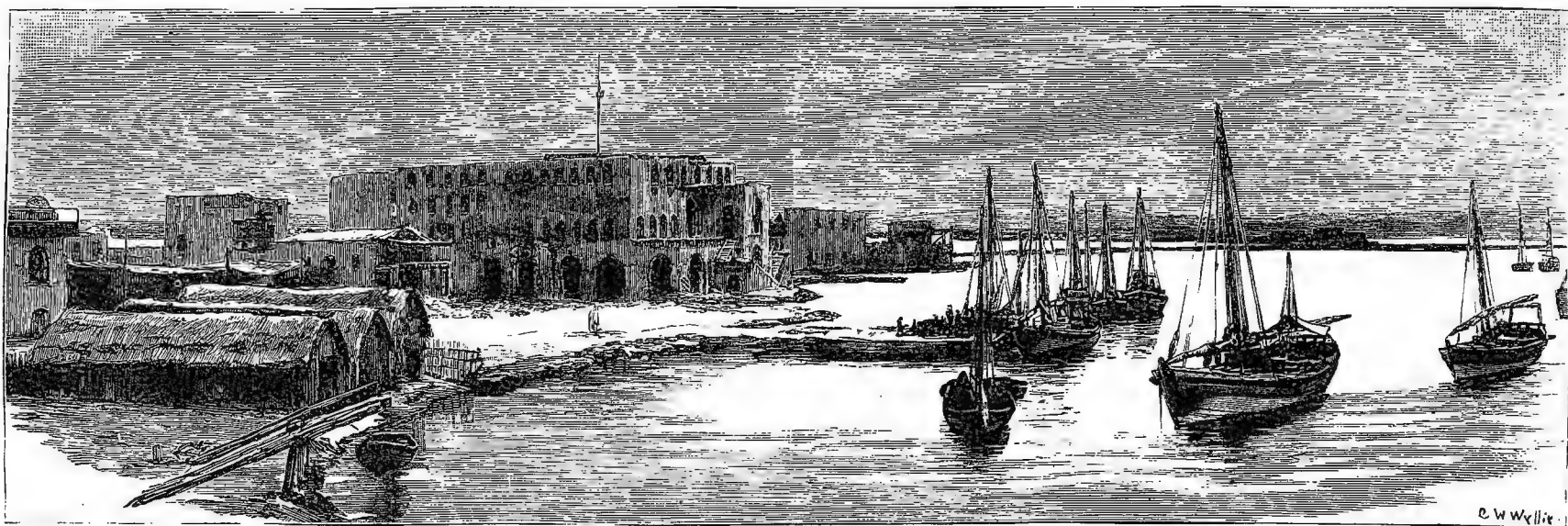
CONDUCTOR OF SUPPLIES A. C. JEWELL
Killed at the Battle of Gubat, Jan. 17



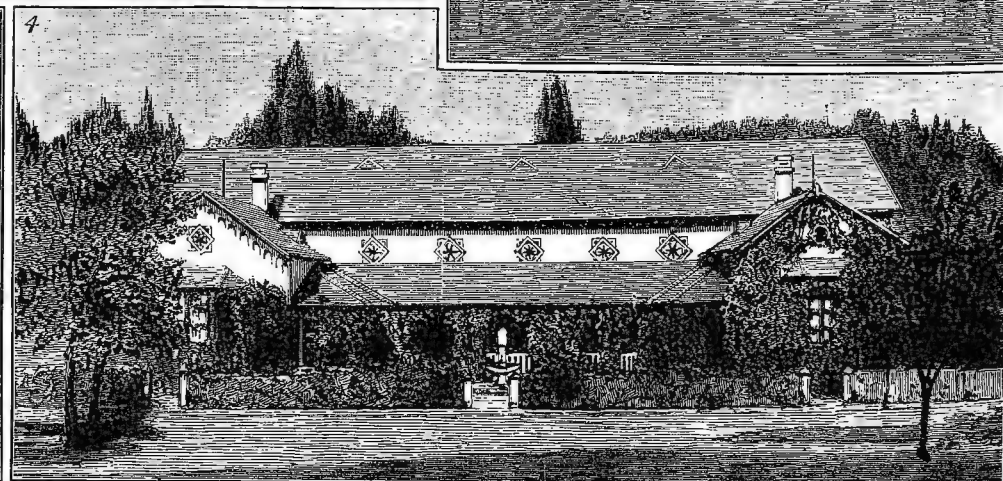
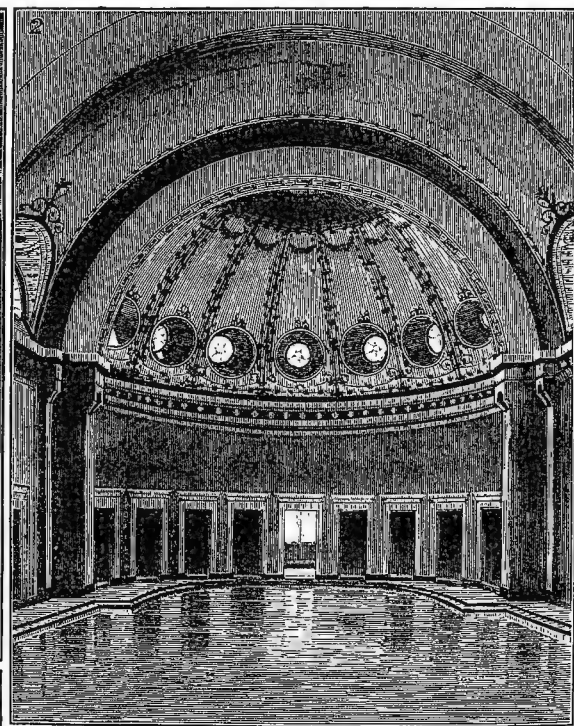
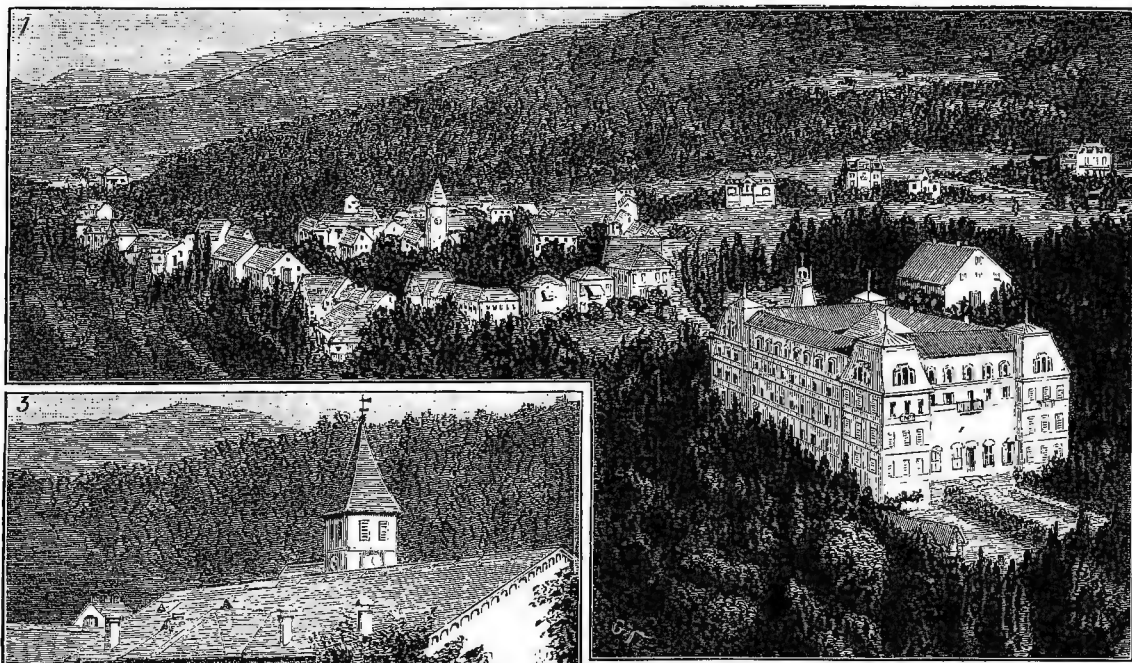
QUARTERMASTER A. G. LIMA, 19TH HUSSARS
Killed at the Battle of Gubat, Jan. 19



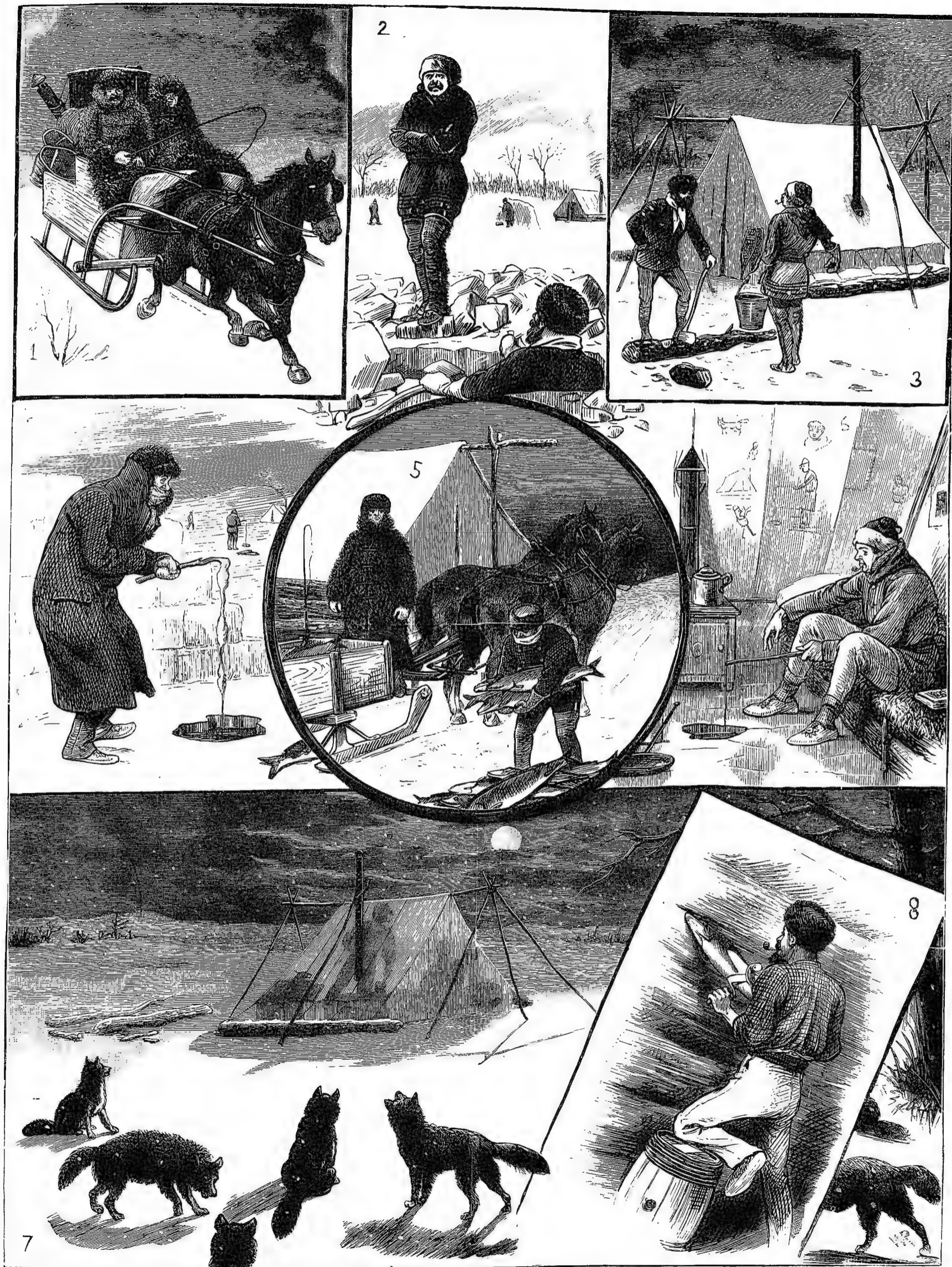
CAPTAIN VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT, 16TH LANCERS
Died of Wounds Received at the Battle of Abu Klea, Jan. 17



THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF MASSOWAH, RED SEA—VIEW OF THE TOWN



1. Badenweiler from the Ruins.—2. The Covered Swimming Basin.—3. The Kurhaus from the Kurgarten.—4. The Kurhaus from the Village.
A LITTLE-KNOWN HEALTH RESORT—BADENWEILER, BLACK FOREST, GERMANY



1. On the Road.—2. Cutting a Hole in the Ice.—3. In Camp.—4. Fishing Outside.—5. Teaming the Fish to Market.—6. Fishing in Comfort.—7. Nightly Visitors.—8. Preparing for Breakfast.

WINTER FISHING IN MANITOBA, CANADA

Those who like to credit the feat as a record can do so.—With reference to the recent International contest at Leeuwarden, M. Kuipers writes from Workum:—"It is true that Fish Smart, the British champion, was beaten in the first round by Kingma; but it is true, too, that the quickest time in the race was done by Rinke vander Zee, of Workum, Friesland, the record being 3 min. 26 sec., as officially stated."

JUDGING from challenges and advertisements in a sporting contemporary, it would seem that "haddock splitting" and "cutting" is about to become a fashionable pastime and medium of wagering. A lot of waterside men are willing to back themselves or their "pals" for large sums to "split" and "cut" a given number of haddocks in a given time, or against other "splitters" and "cutters."



LAST WEEK we referred to the Privy Council estimates of the wheat crop. Those which relate to barley represent that crop as a full average; but oats, owing to the want of moisture, were quite two bushels short on the acre. The yield of beans and peas is stated by the Privy Council at a lower figure than ordinary commercial estimates. The potato crop is stated to have been a very satisfactory one, the yield being 6'62 tons to the acre, or fully half a ton per acre above the ordinary average. The gross produce of potatoes is stated at 3,743,203 tons, or 15'09 per cent. greater than the average of the preceding ten years. Turnips, however, have fallen in England and Wales from a standard yield of 15'08 to 12'67 tons per acre, and in Scotland from 16'06 to 15'23 tons per acre. The small area of mangels grown in Scotland gave a better yield than might have been expected; but the Government estimate puts the out-turn in England at no less than three tons per acre deficiency. The hay crop is reckoned by the Government as by every one else as having been a small one.

DR. JOHN VOELCKER has been appointed Consulting Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society. There were twelve other candidates, among them Mr. Bernard Dyer, who was known to be strongly supported; but the claims of Dr. John Voelcker to succeed his father in the post were of so personal and direct a character that on the motion of Mr. Wells, seconded by Mr. Charles Howard, the nomination of Dr. John Voelcker was agreed to without division. The appointment will naturally ensure a continuity in the work which was being carried on at the time of his eminent father's decease.

LORD VERNON has given a fresh proof of his interest in the progress of dairy farming by offering a prize of a hundred guineas for dairy cows. The conditions are now being drawn up by the Council of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, and will be announced shortly. This offer should afford a great stimulus to the autumn exhibition held by the Association, but should not in our view be restricted to the development of a single exhibition, however important.

CORN.—A correspondent, one of the best-known corn merchants in the Midlands, writes:—"The recent very low prices having now to some extent checked importations from abroad, the future range of prices must in a great measure depend upon the action of our farmers. If they hold back prices must rise; but, if directly there is a slight advance, the markets are flooded with home-grown grain, prices must remain low till the stock of this is exhausted. The quantity of wheat remaining for sale in the hands of the farmer varies much in different districts. In some counties, where it is almost the only article which can be promptly turned into money, no doubt the larger portion is marketed; but where farmers depend more upon other articles, a great part of the wheat has probably been kept back." The latter remark being put into plainer language may be taken to mean that, relatively speaking, there is more wheat left in the West of England than there is in the East.

MR. FAUNCE DE LAUNE has made an important proposal in the direction of improving the value of fat stock shows. He has offered to guarantee to the subscribers of the Canterbury Cattle Show first and second prizes for the best carcasses of lambs exhibited at next year's Show. Mr. De Laune explains that the point at which we would endeavour to arrive in these exhibitions is to give the prizes, not to the fattest and heaviest young lambs, but to those that would soonest arrive at a weight of from 8½ stone to 10 stone, having the largest amount of meat with the least amount of unnecessary fat, and produced for the smallest expenditure of money.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND have decided to offer a handsome prize for the best essay on the subject of stock-raising, stock-feeding, and the general cultivation of the soil to those occupiers of mixed grazing and tillage farms whose holdings do not exceed a rateable valuation of 50s. The Society have also appointed a committee to consider and report as to the best means to be adopted to assist the farmers of Ireland in procuring pure and unadulterated feeding stuffs and manures, and good and genuine agricultural seeds, and also on the feasibility of aiding and carrying out experiments in that direction.

HORSES.—The great sale of Shire horses at Elsenham has been, perhaps, the agricultural event of the week. The fine average of 172l. was realised on forty animals sold, and this successful sale will probably prove a considerable stimulus to the breeding of Shire horses throughout the country. The Squire of Elsenham probably prides himself most on the prices realised by the young mares and fillies of his own breeding. The twenty-two fillies reached the handsome average of 190l. apiece. These high prices obtained for the results of careful breeding must not blind us to the fact that the poorer sorts do not sell well.—At Great Munster Horse Fair a large number of horses went away unsold.—At Doncaster, too, a big fair recently held has not been a success, buyers being few and prices unsatisfactory.



ON MONDAY, at the Bow Street Police Office, Cunningham and Harry Burton were brought up on remand charged with high treason and felony in connection with the explosion at the Tower. Evidence was adduced to prove intimacy between the two prisoners, and the transfer by Cunningham to Burton of the mysterious and much-talked-of American black box. Mr. Poland, for the prosecution, intimated that the case was still in its infancy, and hinted that evidence might be forthcoming to show that Burton, as well as Cunningham, was in the spare brake of the train on its arrival at Gower Street, after the explosion on the Underground Railway, that train, he remarked, having started from Aldgate, a few yards from where Burton and his friend Cunningham were residing. One curious circumstance brought out in evidence was that when Burton was living at 5, Mitre Square, one of his fellow-lodgers was a City police-constable, whose attention was excited by Burton's manner and mode of life—he was doing no work. In consequence of his report at the Headquarters of the City Police, a man in plain clothes was told off to watch Burton, and, as has been seen, not without some result. The prisoners were remanded.

WHILE PRIVATE BOTHAM was on guard at a gun cotton magazine in Plumstead Marshes on Sunday night a man came towards him in the dark, who gave no reply after being challenged. Botham having brought his rifle to the charge, the intruder seems to have rushed upon the bayonet, which transixed and killed him. The deceased proved to be Private James Brindley, a comrade and friend of his unconscious slayer, and his conduct can only be accounted for in the supposition that he wished by way of a joke to give Botham a fright. At the coroner's inquest the jury's verdict was that the deceased was justifiably stabbed by the sentry in the execution of his duty, and they added a unanimous commendation of Botham's conduct. On Wednesday Botham was brought up on remand before the Woolwich police magistrate and was discharged.

THE RECENT DISCLOSURES of the injustice that can be perpetrated under the Lunacy Laws bestow additional interest on what would in any case be a remarkable statement, made this week in the Queen's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Grove and Mr. Baron Huddleston. According to the affidavits, a gentleman of independent property, residing in Lewes, and aged sixty-seven, was arrested when at dinner, by a local constable, and, after having been taken as a lunatic to the Sussex Lunatic Asylum and St. Luke's Hospital successively, was examined by the Lunacy Commissioners and a medical man, and was at once discharged as not a lunatic at all. The order on which he was arrested was signed by two Sussex magistrates, who stated in it that they had "personally examined" him (according to the statute), and appended to it was the certificate of a medical man testifying to his lunacy. The affidavits further stated that he had been spoken to only once by the medical man at the Lewes Public Library, but that no question had been put to him which could test his sanity, and that the alleged personal examination of him by the two magistrates consisted in their looking at him through a glass door in the same Library. Mr. Justice Grove thought the case for the applicant was almost too strong to be true, but the experience of Mr. Baron Huddleston, who tried the recent case of Weldon v. Winslow, led him to express a different opinion. A rule nisi for the certiorari asked for by the applicant's counsel was granted. The magistrates' order will therefore be brought before the Court, and if it is quashed the applicant will proceed to sue the persons concerned in confining him.

BENEVOLENT PEOPLE who wish to leave money to religious and philanthropic institutions must be careful so to arrange their bequests that these may not unexpectedly come within the scope of the Mortmain Acts. A lady lately left her residuary estate, of the value of 4,000l., to be divided between the Manchester and Salford Auxiliary Society in aid of the London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews, and to the Manchester and Salford Auxiliary Bible Society. Some of the money was invested in bonds of the Corporations of Salford and Oldham, secured on the rates and municipal property. The Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and on appeal the Court of Appeal in London, have decided that these bonds charged and created securities in land within the meaning of the Mortmain Acts, and that the bequest was so far illegal, a decision of which the heir-at-law will reap the benefit.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—1885

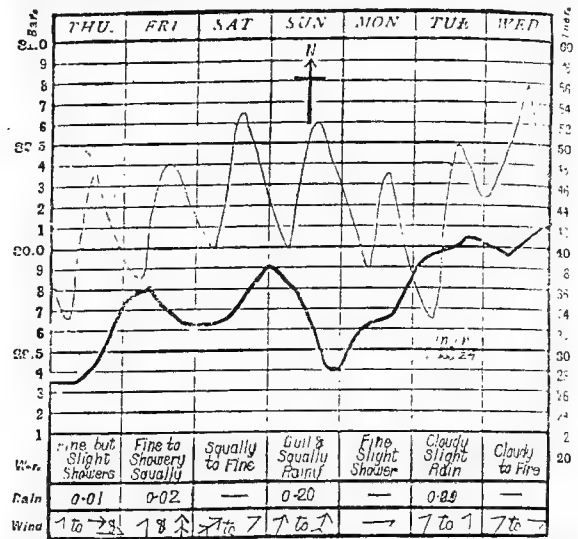
COME list, ye lads and lasses all, to-day's the time to woo!
The feathered things with tiny wings are thinking of it too—
No lovesick boy can hope for joy unless he shows his pluck,
No single miss for wedded bliss unless she tries her luck;
Then take me in your confidence, and put me on the line,
And if it's blocked, we'll just concoct a screaming Valentine!

COME list, ye *detrimentals* all, who haven't got a *son*,
But love a guardian's pretty ward, and eke her fortune too!
In vain the hope that she'll elope unless you do and dare,
You first must learn her love to earn—to win before you wear!
Do nothing prematurely, but let wit and pluck combine,
And if she's hard why just bombard her with a Valentine!

COME list, ye crusty bachelors, who long have railed at Beauty!
Hear the demand on every hand, "this day you'll do your duty."
You ought to bear your honest share in matrimonial trouble,
And not to scold at those who doff the single for the double;
So take a walk down Bond Street, and well your pockets line,
Just look around—*spend twenty pound*—and you're my Valentine!

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has continued in a changeable condition throughout the country, but fine and bright intervals have occurred from time to time. In the course of the period several depressions have approached our western and north-western coasts from the Atlantic, travelling north-easterly. Two of these, which arrived on Thursday (5th inst.) and Friday (6th inst.), caused strong southerly winds and a showery conditions generally, and, while aurora was seen at some of our north-western stations, lightning was reported from the south of Ireland. An interval of fine bright weather now occurred, to be followed by another and deep depression off the north-west of Ireland on Sunday (8th inst.), accompanied by a subsidiary disturbance which passed across the north of England in an easterly direction. These produced southerly gales of some severity in the Channel, and gales or strong winds in many other parts of the country, with sharp showers generally. As these depressions progressed eastwards, the barometer rose generally over our islands—quickly in the west—and strong westerly breezes, with fine weather, prevailed at the majority of our stations. In the course of Tuesday (10th inst.) another disturbance approached Ireland, and by Wednesday morning (11th inst.) its centre lay near the Shetlands. This caused strong southerly gales in the north and east of Scotland, with rain and cloud, and moderate south-westerly breezes elsewhere, with dull weather. Thus the week closed without any apparent indications of settled weather. The barometer was highest (30.3 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (29.35 inches) on Thursday (5th inst.); range, 0.95 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (33°) on Thursday (5th inst.) and Tuesday (10th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall, 0.24 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.20 inches on Sunday (8th inst.).

WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' SCHOOLS.—The Annual Dinner of this institution will take place at the Cannon Street Hotel on Wednesday, February 26th, S. Hope Morley, Esq., treasurer of the institution, in the chair. Since the establishment of these schools they have educated 7000 orphans, and there are at present 185 children in them.

PROVIDENT SURGICAL APPLIANCE SOCIETY.—The Thirtieth Annual Festival of this institution will be held at the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street, E.C., on Friday, February 27th, Lord Claud J. Hamilton, M.P., in the chair. This Society supplies the crippled poor with surgical instruments to meet their deformities. Artificial legs and arms, elastic stockings, trusses, &c., are thus furnished, and those who are not so poor as to be entirely recipients of the Charity can obtain them on payment of the nett cost. The offices are at 28, Finsbury Circus, E.C., where donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary.



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February, 1885. C. H. THOMAS, Secretary.

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If Pancakes are to be the delicious things which they ought to be, the following ingredients must be used in making them:—To half a pound of flour add two large tea-spoonfuls of BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER—without this they cannot be well made—seasoned with a little salt. Mix these in a dry state, and add an egg, beaten up with three-quarters of a pint of milk. Fry at once, with butter or lard.

N.B.—If you Grocer you must have BORWICK'S.

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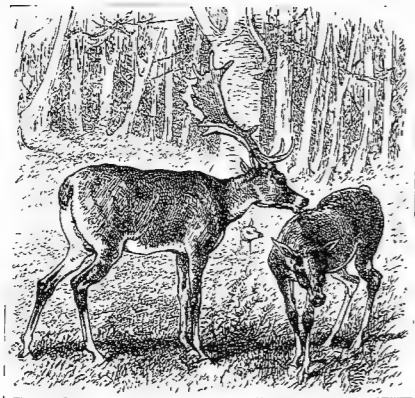
Sulpholine is sold by Chemists everywhere. Bottles 2s. 3d. each.

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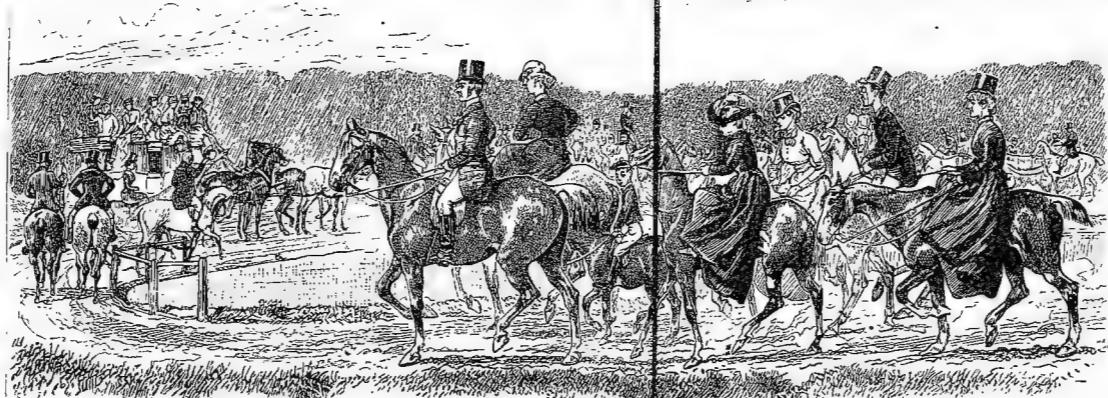
Sold by Chemists everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's Tonic.



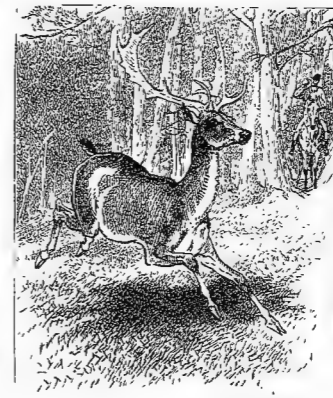
1. NEW FOREST M.F.H.



2. THE MORNING KISS



5. THE MEET: THE RIDING-MASTER AND HIS CAVALCADE



6. GONE AWAY



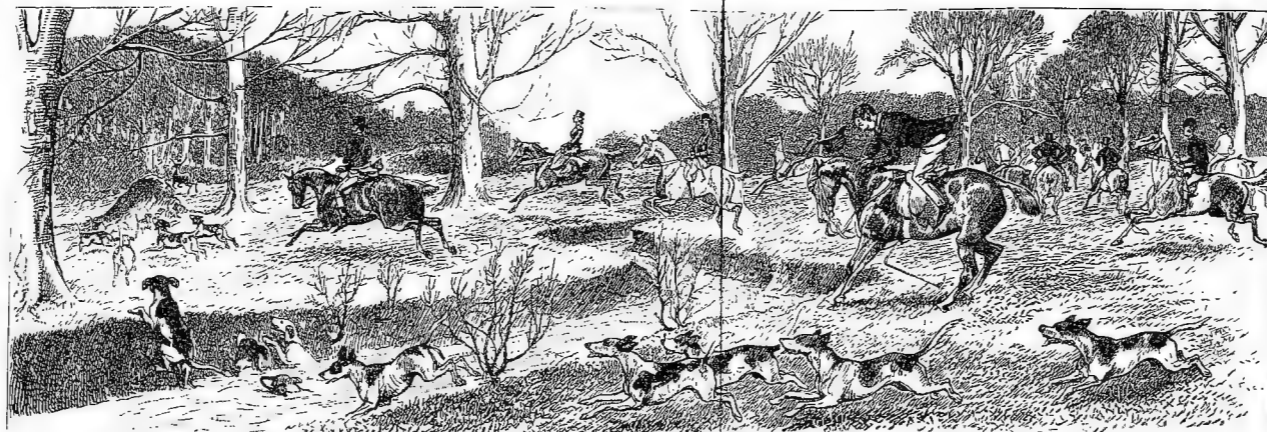
7. ACROSS THE PLAIN



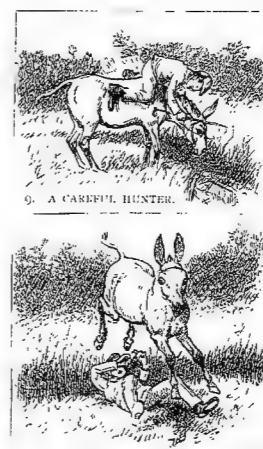
3. 4:30 A.M.: "HERE HE HIS SLOT"



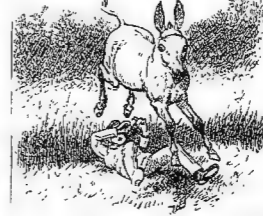
4. NATIVE SPORTSMEN



11. THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



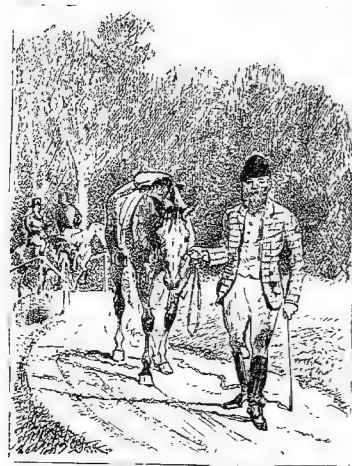
9. A CAREFUL HUNTER.



10. WELL JUMPED



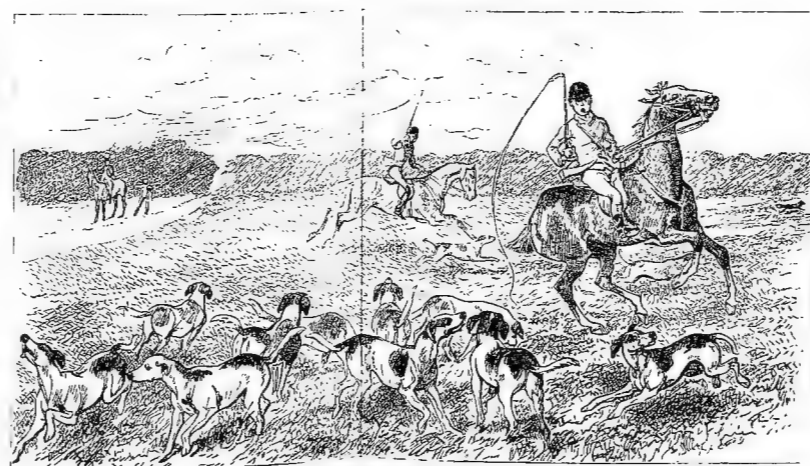
8. THE HIRED MOUNT



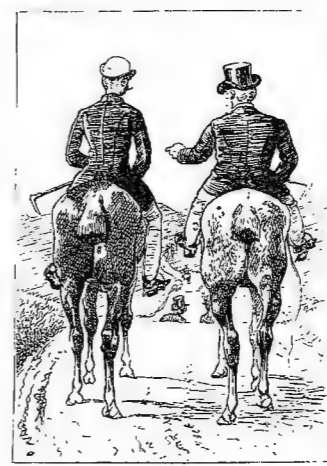
12. THE RETURN OF THE HIRED MOUNT



13. CHANGING HORSES



14. "WARE FOX! GET BACK TO HIM"



15. GOING HOME

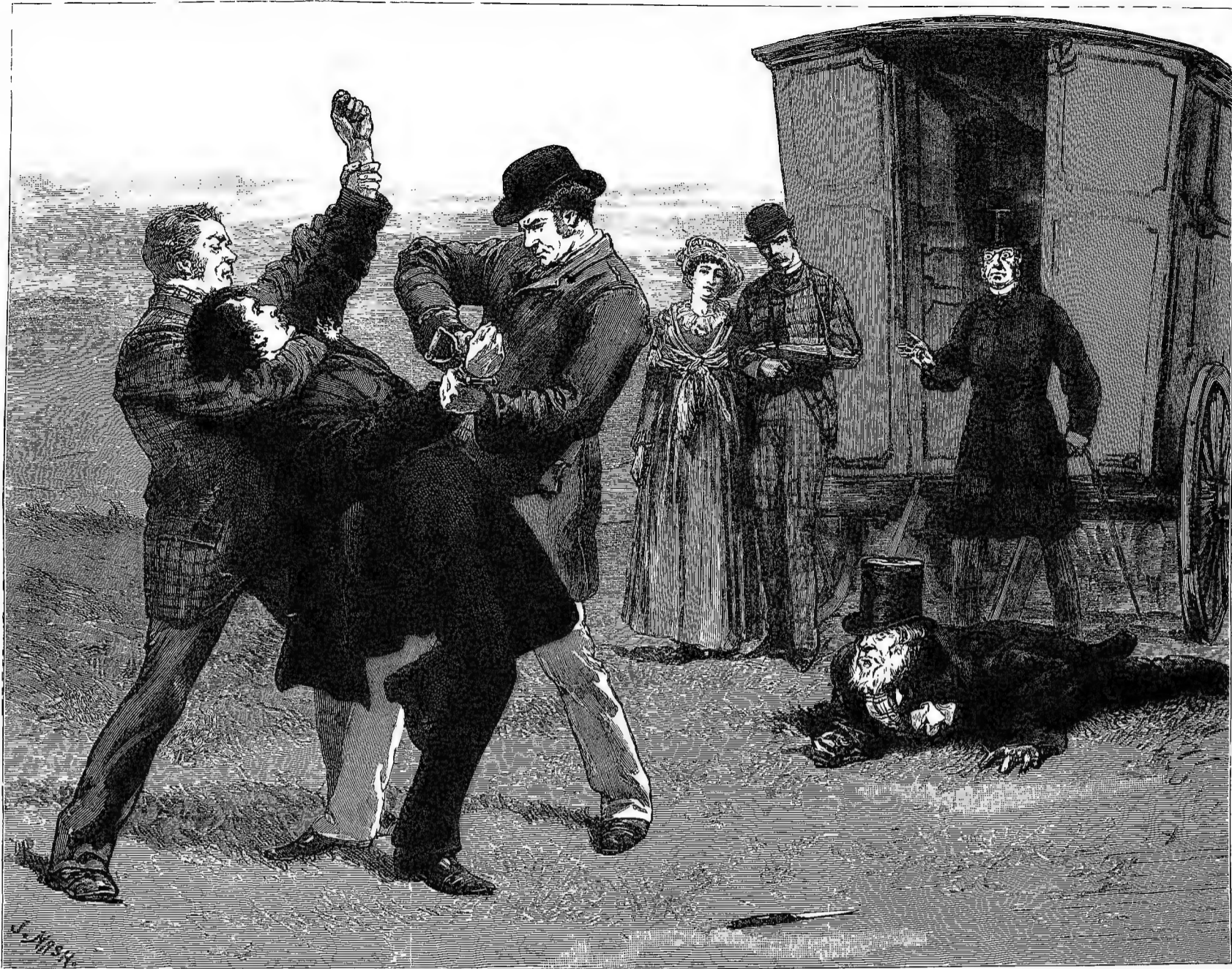


16. "MR. MUDGE, HAVE YE CATCHED THE DEER TO-DAY, SIR?"

HUNTING WITH THE NEW FOREST DEERHOUNDS



GENERAL C. G. GORDON, C.B., R.E.
SUPPRESSOR OF THE TAEPIING REBELLION (1863), PACIFICATOR
OF THE SOUDAN (1874-9), DEFENDER OF KHARTOUM



DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH

"In another moment the knife was lying on the grass, and Monk was neatly handcuffed by the detective."

MATT: A NOVEL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BRIDAL PARTY AND A LITTLE SURPRISE

A WEEK passed away. The shadow of the caravan no longer fell on the green meadow by the lake, and the straggling population of Aberglyn, unsuspecting of foul play, had already forgotten both the caravan and the owner.

And if facts were to be taken into consideration in estimating the extent of her memory, Matt too had forgotten. It was common talk now, that she, the grammarless 'castaway, the neglected protégé of William Jones, was to be married to the master of the great house! Nay, the very day was fixed; and that very day was only two sunrises distant; and Monk of Monkshurst had in his pocket a special license, which he had procured, at an expenditure of five pounds, from London.

Doubtless, in any other more populous locality the affair would have occasioned no little scandal, and many ominous shakings of the head; but the inhabitants were few and far between, and had little or no time for idle gossiping. The coastguardsmen and their wives were the only individuals who exhibited any interest, and even their excitement was faint and evanescent, like the movements of a fish in a shallow and unwholesome pool.

But the really extraordinary part of the whole affair was the conduct of Matt herself. Apparently quite cured of her former repugnance to a union with Monk, she made no objection whatever to the performance of the ceremony, and laughed merrily when she was informed that the day was fixed. Monk, in his grim, taciturn way, was jubilant. He came to and fro constantly, and assumed the manners of a lover. Had he been less bent on one particular object two things might have struck him as curious:—(1) That Matt, though she had consented to marry him, steadfastly refused to wear his ring, or accept any other presents; and (2) that she still shrunk, with persistent and ill-disguised dislike, from his caresses.

It was now late in the month of August, and the weather was broken by troublous winds and a fretful moon. For several weeks William Jones, in his mortal terror, had refrained from visiting the cave; he had never set his foot therein, indeed, since the night of the assassination. At last he could bear the suspense no longer. Suppose some one else had discovered his treasure, and robbed him? Suppose some subterranean change had obliterated the landmarks or submerged the cavern! Suppose a thousand dreadful

things! Tired of miserable supposition, William determined, despite his terror, to make sure.

So late one windy and rainy night he stole forth with his unlit lantern, and fought his way in the teeth of half a gale to the familiar place, which he found, however, with some little difficulty. He was neither superstitious nor imaginative, but throughout the journey he was a prey to nameless terrors. Every gust of wind went through his heart like a knife; every sound of wind or sea made that same heart stop and listen. Only supreme greed and miserly anxiety led him on. But at last he gained the cave, within which there was a sound as of clashing legions, clarions shrieking, drums beating, all the storm and stress of the awful waters clashing on the cliffs without, and boiling with unusual screams through the black slit between the cave and the Devil's Cauldron.

Trembling, with perspiration standing in great beads on his face, he searched the cave for the corpse of the murdered man, expecting to find it well advanced in decomposition. Strange to say, however, it had disappeared.

William Jones was at once relieved and alarmed; relieved because he was spared a horrible experience; alarmed because he could not account for the disappearance. A little reflection, however, suggested that one of those tidal waves so common on the coast might have risen well up into the cavern, washed away the body from its place on the shingle, and carried it away in the direction of the Cauldron. "In which case," he reflected, "them coast-guard chaps would find it some day among the rocks or on the shore, and think it had been drowned in the way of nature."

Satisfied that everything else was undisturbed, he retired as hastily as possible, sealed up the entrance to the cavern, and ran hastily home.

The morning of the marriage came—a fine sunny morning. An open dog-cart belonging to Monk, and driven by one of his servants, stood at William Jones's door, and close to it a light country cart, borrowed by William Jones himself from a neighbouring farmer. The population, consisting of an aged coastguardsman, two coastguardsmen's wives, and half-a-dozen dejected children, crowded in front of the cottage.

The bridegroom, attired in decent black, with a flower in his button-hole, stood waiting impatiently in the garden. Despite the festive occasion, he had a gloomy and hang-dog appearance. Presently there emerged from the door William Jones, attired in a drowned seaman's suit several sizes too large for him, and wearing

a chimney-pot hat and a white rosette. Leaning on his arm was Matt, dressed in a dress of blue silk, newly made for her by one of the coastguard women, out of damaged materials supplied by Jones, a light straw hat with blue ribbons to match, and a light lace shawl. Behind this pair hobbled William Jones's father, whose costume was nautical like his son's, but more damaged, and who also sported a chimney-pot hat and a white rosette.

The crowd gave a feeble cheer. Matt looked round and smiled, but mingled with her smile there was a kind of vague anxiety and expectation.

It was arranged that Monk should drive Matt in the dog-cart, while William Jones and his father followed in the commoner vehicle. At Pencroes, where the ceremony was to be performed, they were to meet with one Mr. Penarvon, a country squire and kindred spirit of Monk's, who had promised to be "best man."

Monk took the reins, while Matt got in and seated herself beside him, the groom getting up behind; and away they went along the sand-choked road, followed by Jones and his father.

The day was bright and merry, but Matt never thought of the old proverb, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on;" she was too busy examining the prospect on every side of her. All at once, as the bridal procession wound round the edge of the lonely lake, she uttered a cry of delight. There, standing in its old place by the lake-side, was the caravan!

Monk looked pale—there was something ghostly in the re-appearance even of this inanimate object. He was a man of strong nerve, however, and he speedily smiled at his own fears.

As they approached the spot they saw Tim standing near the vehicle in conversation with two strange gentlemen, one a little elderly man in black broadcloth, the other a tall, broad-shouldered fellow wearing a light overcoat and a wideawake hat. Directly the procession approached this group separated, and its three members walked severally to the road, he with the wideawake hat standing right in the centre of the road quietly smoking a cigar.

As the dog-cart came up he held up his hand. Unable to proceed without running him down Monk pulled up angrily.

"What is it? Why do you block the road?" he cried fiercely.

"Excuse me, governor," returned the other coolly. "Mr. Monk of Monkshurst, I believe?"

"That's my name."

"Sorry to trouble you on such a day, but I should like a few words with you."

"I cannot stay—I am going to be married!"

"So I heard," said the man, lifting his hat and bowing with a grin to Matt. "Glad to see you, Miss. How do you do? But the fact is, Mr. Monk, my business won't keep. Be good enough to step this way."

Full of some unaccountable foreboding, inspired partly by the stranger's suave, yet determined, manner, partly by the re-appearance of the caravan, Monk alighted, and followed the other across the grass to the close vicinity of the house on wheels. The little elderly man followed, and the man who had first spoken went through the ceremony of introduction.

"This is Mr. Monk, sir. Mr. Monk, this gentleman is Mr. Lightwood, of the firm of Lightwood and Lightwood, solicitors, Chester."

"And you—who the devil are *you*?" demanded Monk with his old savagery.

"My name is Marshall, Christian name, John, though my friends call me Jack," answered the other with airy impudence. "John Marshall, governor, of the detective force."

Monk now went pale indeed. But recovering himself he cried, "I know neither of you. I warned you that I was in haste."

What do you want? Out with it!"

The little man now took up the conversation, speaking in a prim business-like voice, and occasionally referring to a large note-book which he carried.

"Mr. Monk, you are, I am informed, the sole heir male of the late Colonel Monk, your cousin by the father's side, who was supposed to have died in India in the year 1862."

"Yes, that's true. What then?"

"On the report of his death, his name being included in an official list of officers killed and wounded in action, and it being understood that he died without lawful issue, you laid claim to the demesne of Monkshurst, in Cheshire, and that of the same name in Anglesea. Your claim was recognised, and in 1864 you took possession."

"Well. Have you detained me to hear only what I already knew?"

"Pardon me, I have not finished. I have now to inform you that you inherited under a misconception, first because Colonel Monk was married and had issue, secondly, because he did not die in India, but reached the shores of England, where he perished in the shipwreck of the ship *Trinidad*, in the year 1864."

Monk was livid. At this moment Jones, who had been watching the scene from a distance, came over, panting and perspiring in ill-concealed terror.

"Lor', Mr. Monk, what's the matter? Look ye now, we shall be late for the wedding."

As he spoke Marshall, the detective, clapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"How d'ye do, William Jones? I've often heard of you, and wished to know you. Pray stop where you are. I'll talk to *you* presently."

"I don't know what you mean," Monk now said with dogged desperation, "with all this rigmarole, Mr. Lightwood, or whatever your name is. It seems to me you are simply raving. If I am not my cousin's heir who is, tell me that?"

"His daughter," said the man quietly.

"He never married, and he never had a daughter."

"His daughter, an infant twelve or fourteen months old, sailed to England with him, was shipwrecked with him, but saved by a special Providence, and has since been living in this place under the name of Matt Jones."

"Your intended bride, you know," added Marshall with an insinuating smile. "Hullo, where *is* the young lady?"

Monk looked round towards the dog-cart and on every side, but Matt was nowhere to be seen.

"I see her go into that thief cart," said William Jones.

"Call her," cried Monk. "I'll stay no longer here. Listen to me, you two. Whether you are telling truth or lies, that girl is going to become my wife—I have her guardian's consent, and she herself, I may tell you, fully appreciates the honour I am doing her."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lightwood smiling. "Unfortunately I, as Miss Monk's legal adviser, must have a say in the matter. Doubtless this marriage would be a very pretty arrangement for keeping the late Colonel Monk's fortune and property in your possession, but I cannot conscientiously approve of the young lady's marriage to an assassin."

"An assassin!—what—what do you mean?" gasped Monk, staggering as if from a blow.

"Tell him, Mr. Marshall."

"All right, sir. Well, you see, Mr. Monk of Monkshurst," continued the detective, grimly yet playfully, "you're accused of making away with—murdering, in fact—a young gentleman who came to Aberglyn a few weeks ago in that little house on wheels; and this nice friend of yours" (here he again slapped William Jones on the shoulder), "is accused of being your accomplice."

"No, no. I never done it! I'm innocent, I am!" cried William Jones.

"Tell 'em, Mr. Monk, tell 'em—I'd now to do with it."

"Silence, you fool," said the other; then he added, turning on his accusers, "You are a couple of madmen, I think! I know nothing of the young man you speak of! I have heard that he is missing, that is all; but there is no evidence that any harm has come to him, for his body has not been found."

Here Marshall turned with a wink to William Jones, and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you think now," he asked, "it might be worth while looking for it in that *little underground parlour* of yours, down alongside the sea?"

William Jones uttered a despairing groan, and fell on his knees. "I'm ruined!" he cried. "Oh, Mr. Monk, it's your doing! Lord help me! They know everything."

"Curse you, hold your tongue!" said Monk, with a look of mad contempt and hatred. "These men are only playing upon your fears, but they cannot frighten *me*."

"No?" remarked the detective, lighting his cigar, which had gone out. "I think we shall even manage *that* in time."

As he spoke he carelessly, and as if inadvertently, drew out a pair of steel handcuffs, which he looked at reflectively, threw up and caught underhand in the air.

"You accuse me of assassination?" said Monk, trembling violently. "I warn you to beware, for I will not suffer such accusations without seeking redress. If you have any proof of the truth of your preposterous charge, produce it!"

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan.

"There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours denies being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he telling the truth?"

Matt's face darkened, and she looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detestation.

"No," she said, "he's lying!"

"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take care!"

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him. "I see him do it with my own two eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on. They thought that no one was nigh, but *I* was. I was hiding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave!"

Monk now felt that the game was almost up, for he was beset on every side, and the very ground seemed opening under his feet. The

wretched Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy, remained on his knees wailing over his own ruin. The two strangers, Lightwood and Marshall, looked on as calm but interested spectators. Matt, having delivered her home-thrust of accusation, stood and gazed into Monk's face with cool defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently, "an infamous plot to ruin me! You have been tampering, I see, with this wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you please—I shall not take the trouble to resist, for I am perfectly innocent in this matter."

He added, while they looked at one another as if somewhat puzzled:

"As to the girl's relationship with my dead cousin, the very idea is absurd. Where are the proofs of her birthright?"

"Here," said a quiet voice.

Monk turned his eyes and started back in wonder, while William Jones shrieked and fell forward on his face. Standing before them in the sunshine was the reality or the semblance of—the murdered young man of the caravan!

CHAPTER XV.

THE "MURDERED" MAN!

YES, it was the artist himself, looking a little pale, and carrying one arm in a sling, but otherwise, to all appearance, in good health.

Monk had strong nerves, but he could not prevent himself from uttering a wild cry of horror and wonder. At the same moment, Matt went to the young man's side, and with an air of indescribable trust and sweetness, took his hand—the hand which was free—and put it to her lips.

"The proof is here," he said calmly, "here upon my person. I am not quite dead, you see, Mr. Monk of Monkshurst, and I thought I should like to bring it you myself. It consists, as you are aware, of Colonel Monk's dying message, written on the fly-leaf of his Prayer-book, and of the marriage certificate of his wife; both these having been placed upon his child's person, concealed by the unsuspecting and illiterate Jones, and found by me after a lapse of many years."

Monk did not speak; his tongue was frozen. He stood aghast, opening and shutting his clenched hands spasmodically, and shaking like a leaf. Reassured to some extent by the sound of the voice, unmistakably appertaining to a person of flesh and blood, William Jones gradually uplifted his face, and looked in ghastly wonder at the speaker.

"You will be anxious to ascertain," proceeded Brinkley, with his old air of lightness, "by what accident, or special Providence I arose from the grave in which you politely entombed me. The explanation is very simple. My young friend here, Matt, the foundling, or, as I should rather call her, Miss Monk of Monkshurst, came to my assistance, attended to my injuries, which were not so serious as you imagined, and enabled me, before daybreak, to gain the kindly shelter of my caravan. Tim and a certain rural doctor did the rest. I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Monk, but I felt bound to keep my promise—to interfere seriously with your little arrangements, if you persistently refused to do justice to this young lady."

As he spoke, Monk uttered a savage oath and rushed towards the road; but Marshall was after him in a moment, and sprang upon him. There was a quick struggle. Suddenly Monk drew a knife, opened it, and brandished it in the air; so that it would have gone ill with his assailant if the herculean Tim, coming to the rescue, had not pinioned him from behind. In another moment the knife was lying on the grass, and Monk was neatly handcuffed by the detective.

"Now, governor, you'd better take it quietly!" said Marshall, while Monk struggled, and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "You're a smart one, you are, but the game's up at last."

Monk recovered himself, and laughed fiercely.

"Let me go! Of what do you accuse me? It was murder just now, but since the murdered person is alive (curse him!) I should like to know on what charge you arrest me."

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that!" said Brinkley, looking at him superciliously. "In the first place, you have by fraud and perjury possessed yourself of what never legally belonged to you. In the second place, you *attempted* murder, at any rate. But upon my life, I don't think you are worth prosecuting. I think, Mr. Marshall, you might let him go."

"It's letting a mad dog loose, sir," replied Marshall. "He'll hurt somebody."

"What do *you* say, Miss Monk?" said Brinkley. "This amiable-looking person is your father's cousin. Shall I release your bridegroom, in order that you may go with him to the altar of Hymen and complete the ceremony?"

"I hate him," cried Matt; "I should like to drown him in the sea."

Brinkley laughed.

"Your sentiments are natural, but unchristian. And the gentle Jones, now, who is looking at you so affectionately, what would you do with *him*? Drown him in the sea too?"

"No, no, Matt," interposed William Jones, abjectly; "speak up for me, Matt. I ha' been father to you all these years."

Matt seemed perplexed what to say. So Brinkley again took up the conversation.

"On reflection we will refer William Jones to his friends the 'coastguard chaps.' I think he will be punished enough by the distribution of his little property in the cave. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

Jones only wrung his hands and wailed, thinking of his precious treasure.

"And so, Matt," continued Brinkley, "there will be no wedding after all. I'm afraid you're awfully disappointed?"

Matt replied by taking his hand again, lifting it to her lips, and kissing it fondly. The young man turned his head away, for his eyes had suddenly grown full of grateful tears.

CONCLUSION.

My tale is told. The adventure of the caravan has ended. Little more remains to be said.

Monk of Monkshurst was not brought to trial for his iniquities, but he was sorely enough punished by the loss of his ill-gotten estates. Before the claim of the foundling was fully proved he left England, never to return. Whether he is alive or dead I cannot tell.

William Jones, too, escaped legal punishment. A severer retribution came upon him in the seizure and dispersal of the hoards in the great cave. So sorely did he take his loss to heart that he crept to his bed and had an attack of brain fever. When he reappeared on the scene of his old plunderings his intellect was weakened, and he showed curious evidences of imbecility. But the ruling passion remained strong within him. I saw him only last summer, rambling on the seashore, talking incoherently to himself, and watching the sea in search of wreckage as of old.

And Matt?

Well, her title to Monkshurst and the property was fully proved. For a long time she did not realise her good fortune, but gradually the pleasant truth dawned upon her in a sunrise of nice dresses, jewellery, and plenty of money. Chancery stepped in like a severe foster-parent, and sent her to school. There she remained for several years, but Charles Brinkley, who had first taken in hand the vindication of her claims, and who never ceased to be interested in her, saw her from time to time, and took particular note of her improvement in her grammar and the gentle art of speech.

"Matt," he said, when they met last Christmas in London, and when he saw before him, instead of a towsey girl, as bright and buxom a young lady as ever wore purple raiment and fine linen, "Matt, you are 'grewed up' at last!"

Matt blushed and hung her head, with a touch of her old manner.

"Yes, I am grown up, as you say. I wonder what William Jones would think if he saw me now."

"And if he noticed those pretty boots, Matt, and heard you play the piano and prattle a little in French. Upon my word, it's a transformation! You always were a nice girl, though."

"Do you really think so?" asked Matt shyly. "Did you *always* think so?"

"Certainly."

"Even when I told you I liked you so much, and you told me 'it wouldn't do!'"

It was Brinkley's turn to blush now. It was clear that Matt, despite other changes, still retained her indomitable frankness.

"Even then," he replied, laughing. "But I say, you were a precocious youngster. You *proposed* to me, you know!"

"I know I did," said Matt, "and it wasn't leap year then."

She added still more slyly;

"But it's leap year *now*!"

Their eyes met. Both blushed more and more.

"Matt, don't! It won't do, you know! Yes, I say so still. You're a rich woman, and I'm only a poor devil of a painter. You must marry some great swell."

But Matt replied:

"I shall never marry any one but *you*!"

"You won't? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

He caught her in his arms.

"My darling Matt—yes, I shall call you by that dear name to the end of the chapter. You love me then? I can't believe it!"

"I have loved you," she answered, laughing, "ever since I first came—to be took!"

And she rested her head on his shoulder, just as she had done in the old days, when she was an unsophisticated child of Nature.

"So there's to be a wedding after all," he said, kissing her.

"Matt, I've an idea!"

"Yes?"

"When we marry, suppose we arrange to spend the honeymoon in—a CARAVAN!"

THE END.



"THE WITCH'S HEAD," by H. Rider Haggard (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has plenty of individuality to give it a place outside the ordinary run of novels. It is not very superior to the ordinary run, but it is different, and that is saying a great deal. The principal interest is evenly divided between experiences in Zululand and the Transvaal, fairly to be taken as mostly personal, and including an account of Isandula, and a love story of an original and not very comprehensible kind. The docility of the beautiful Eva in cruelly jilting the man she passionately loves, and in marrying a man whom she scorns and loathes, simply because her sister told her to do so without giving any reason, goes beyond the usual license granted to novelists to practice in idiocy. No reader can complain of any lack of incident and sensation. Indeed the catalogue of casualties would be so startling, if given without their circumstances, that the reader is better left to make the list for himself when he has finished the story, which is quite good enough, despite its crudeness and wildness, to make the task an interesting and pleasant one on the whole. The author's contempt for poetical justice is conspicuous. His arch villain, a lady, receiving no punishment beyond becoming a successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Less pardonable is his contempt for style. Does he really think it better to fill his volumes with such sentences as "He was a plucky boy, was Roger," than to say, "Roger was a plucky boy?" Why the novel is called "The Witch's Head" we are at an entire loss to discover. Certainly a mummified woman's head was found in a box under rather peculiar circumstances, but the incident has no bearing upon anything, and might be omitted without implying a single alteration. Indeed faults in construction swarm: but it is altogether free from the quality of which the author gives the "American novel" as the crowning type—it is never for a moment dull.

"Near Neighbours," by Frances Mary Peard (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a story of modern Dutch life, and has therefore the advantage—so far as the reader of the day may think it one—of dealing with comparatively fresh ground. It is so permeated with local character and colour that it might easily be mistaken for a translation of a Dutch author, were it not for its possession of the flavour invariably lost in even the best translations. In all respects it is decidedly above the average. Not only is it exceedingly graceful throughout, but occasionally rises into power, as in the description of the bursting of a dyke in the neighbourhood of Alkmaar. Incidents are not indeed the leading feature of the novel, but there is a fair proportion of them, especially in the career and in the fate of a certain unscrupulous student who for a season plays the part of villain. He is the least satisfactory because the least typical among the characters. The rest supply excellent portraits, illustrating life in the interesting country of which, in these days of travel, so exceedingly little is still known beneath the surface of things. Dutch novelists themselves are apt to fall back upon their period of national greatness, or upon the struggles that led thereto, for their materials: and Frances Mary Peard has justified some considerable claim to have done something for Holland as a painter of its contemporary manners as well as for her English readers.

Without endorsing the character given to American novels at large by the author of the novel standing first on the present list, it must be admitted that "Farnell's Folly," by J. T. Trowbridge (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus), tends to illustrate the accuracy of his assertion. Nevertheless, spiritless though it certainly is, it is infinitely preferable to the general run of Transatlantic fiction. It is a trifle behind the age, and belongs somewhat to the cake-consuming school, familiar to those who remember American fiction in its beginnings. It smacks of its own proper soil, owes little or nothing to European models, and is altogether free from æsthetic sentimentality and morbid mysticism. It is unquestionably wholesome, and may be recommended to all who dislike excitement of every kind.

"Some One Else," by Mrs. B. M. Croker (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is a curiosity in its way. It is a sort of rendezvous for the shadows of all the veteran plots that have served the novelist from time immemorial. It is hardly credible that the old mystification of making a lover mistake a lady's brother for a rival should be yet again made to do duty: but even of this cruelty towards a worn-out situation Mrs. Croker been guilty. As if this were not enough, she has introduced that chronic wail and testament by which an inheritance is made dependent upon a marriage between a young man and a young woman, hitherto strangers, and thereby prejudiced against one another. After this, it is not surprising that the author has made an even more than ordinary use of senseless and improbable misunderstandings—that regular resource of those who

feel the universal obligation to write a novel, but have not been gifted with the capacity of inventing at first hand. Nor can it be said that the author in this case has the excuse of having improved upon her innumerable originals. That, however, is scarcely her fault, seeing that her plots have been used so often that improvement was hardly possible. And no doubt there are still many people in the reading world who never weary of old friends.

"Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen" (1 vol. : Blackwood and Sons) are published anonymously. If they are by Mrs. Oliphant, as is pretty generally surmised, they show that her hand has retained its cunning to a much greater extent in dealing with short anecdotes than with full-blown plots in three volumes. "The Open Door" is a very good ghost story indeed, with real pathos in it, and hints of a deeper instinct at the root of such tales than has yet been suggested. "Old Lady Mary" goes further still. It is a ghost story from a ghost point of view—a sort of plea for a kindly and sympathetic treatment of those unfortunate visitors who frightened our credulous ancestors, and, to judge from the signs of the times, are learning to frighten our *soi-disant* and sceptical selves still more. Everybody who thinks himself able to see a ghost should read this tale. Even if it fails to steady his nerves, it will widen his charity.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE do not greatly care for "A Heart's Life, Sarpedon, and Other Poems," by Ella Sharpe Youngs (Kegan Paul), though it is an improvement upon some of the author's earlier efforts. So far as we understand the first piece, it is the story of a strong-minded lady who threw over her lover, and then died of remorse. The verse is fairly good, if we except such lines as

Spring rain drips 'twixt young leaf interstice of maple and of oak.

But how does the author pronounce "matutinal"? "Sarpedon" is an unpleasant piece, of the "creepy-crawly" order, about a priest of Baal, who for his crimes was turned into a serpent, and haunted the ruins of Baalbec. The passage at page 105 might have been omitted without much loss.

A charming little collection of verse for the young is "Child-Life, as Learned from Children," by John Alfred Langford (Simpkin, Marshall). The poems are delightful and child-like, without being childish, all obviously founded on fact. Our favourites are "Grandmother's Dead" and "Erny's Prayer," but all are good. The author has a real gift of poetry.

There are some clever verses in "The City of the Royal Palm, and Other Poems," by Frank Cowan (Rio de Janeiro : Lamoureux). Most of the pieces are supposed to be by emigrants of various nationalities, and the author is anything but *laudator temporis acti*. Perhaps, indeed, he sometimes carries enthusiasm for the nineteenth century rather too far, as in the last stanza of page 42.

"Drift Leaves," by Margaret Scott MacRitchie (Nisbet), is a collection of verses obviously written by a lady of a sincerely devotional turn of mind; but they cannot be dignified with the name of poetry. There is, indeed, one piece, called "An Empty Nest," which almost rises to that dignity,—but for the most part the contents are commonplace. The author seems to have allied herself to the new temperance craze, as opposed to moderation, witness page 112.

Another volume of the "Canterbury Poets Series" has reached us (edited by Joseph Skipsey; published by Walter Scott). This time we have the shorter poems of Shelley, and the preface is even more bombastic than on former occasions. "Precious" is a word which might be relegated to Messrs. Maudie and Postlethwaite!

We hardly know what to say about "Verse of Two Tongues," by Walter Herries Pollock (Remington). The French pieces may be dismissed at once—they are of no value. Otherwise the book demands some praise, for "The Two Gates" is a lovely little piece. The imitations of De Musset would deserve high commendation if they were original; but it is hard to bear a rendering in blank verse of the French poet's various metres. Mr. Pollock says that he has attempted to preserve the spirit rather than the letter,—which means that he has taken the author's themes and written some very charming verses upon them,—only they are not De Musset!

We cannot profess any great amount of admiration for "Boys Together, and Other Poems," by Margaret Scott Taylor (Kegan Paul). The verses have a certain amount of tolerably graceful fancy, but are, for the most part, so technically defective, that pleasure in reading them is dissipated; as, for instance, when we are expected to accept lines like the following as blank verse:—

Of drooping willow (so fit an emblem
Of the mourner's grief) or in sudden whirl
Of playful eddies, is oft driven back.

Again, at page 137, some otherwise tolerable verse is spoiled by redundancy—surely the author's ear must tell her that "e'er" is superfluous in both cases.



IN Mr. F. G. Heath's "Fern Portfolio" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) all the ferns are life sized, and so beautifully done that we can well believe they are "absolute fac-similes." Some of them would have looked better with a little more margin; but 16 inches by 12 makes a big book. But is Mr. Heath quite fair in claiming to be the only one who has even attempted to reproduce in this exact way the form, colour, and venation of leaves and fronds? We suppose he would not deny the name of *fac-similes* to Nature-printings. His letter-press hardly comes up to the level of his illustrations. He apologises for its vagueness; and, indeed, there is little good in knowing that a fern is found in India or in the United States; while to give the British Isles as the *habitat* of the two filmy forms is true but delusive. We are sure that the real maidenhair is not confined to limestone rocks; and the hay-scented (oftener, as Mr. Heath should have said, called Breeze's) fern grows luxuriantly in West Cornwall, not only in "the richest recesses of hedge banks," but on stone hedges which have nothing like a "recess" to offer it.

We lately noticed approvingly Mr. D. T. Fish's book on bulbs. In "Popular Gardening," Vol. I. (Cassell) he has had the help of first-rate gardeners like Mr. W. Coleman of Eastnor Castle and Mr. J. Hudson of Gunnersbury. The result is a very promising first volume, treating not only of kitchen and flower garden, but of levelling, laying down carriage drive, &c.; and containing some well-written chapters by Dr. Maxwell Masters on the life-history of plants. The singular arrangement, which disperses through the volume what is said about the vine, for instance, will probably be accounted for when the work is completed.

Though the Healtheries are closed, we have not yet done with the subject which was there supposed to be most prominent. Mr. H. C. Burdett, founder of the Home Hospital Association for

Paying Patients, has collected and classified in "Helps to Health" (Kegan Paul) all the old rules of hygiene. He is great on foods and baths and exercise and cesspools, and he gives a list of health resorts and an estimate of their respective suitability.

Dr. Sophia Jex Blake's "Care of Infants" (Macmillan) is full of good advice, packed into some 100 pp. Dr. Jex Blake is one of the stoutest champions of vaccination, citing in its favour the testimony of Chief Inspector Dr. H. Stevens (in 1879) and others.

On the other hand Mr. W. White, in "The Story of a Great Delusion" (Allen, Ave Maria Lane), gives a record which throws the whole matter into doubt. If, for instance, the statement on page 567, made before the Commons' Committee in 1871, is correct, that to eleven out of thirteen young people revaccinated from a seemingly healthy child, syphilis was communicated in the lymph, Mr. White is justified in calling vaccination "an attempt to swindle Nature that small-pox will not catch you though you live in what stench you please." Mr. White goes thoroughly through Jenner's career, reminding us how horse-grease was taken up and then discarded as a source of cowpox; and his book is full of curious details—those connected with the breakdown of inoculation, for instance; though Dr. Dimsdale got 12,000*l.* and 500*l.* a year from Catherine of Russia for inoculating her and her nobles.

Mr. White's big book is duly seconded by Mr. Alfred Wallace's "Registration Statistics and Vaccination" (Allen). Mr. Wallace proves by figures that the deaths under five years old from syphilis, pyæmia, &c., have so increased as to far outnumber any possible diminishing of the deaths from small-pox.

Mr. C. T. Kingzett's "Nature's Hygiene" (Baillière) is a glorification of "Sanitas," i.e., the principle of the eucalyptus, the pine, &c. To a discussion of the hygienic effects of these two, their antiseptic properties, &c., Mr. Kingzett adds in this second edition several chapters on drainage, on water and how to purify it, and on the indirect causes of disease.

"Ye Lateste D'Evil" (Bosworth) is a curious compound of bad jokes, dull, and occasionally coarse, satire, and vigorous protests against several social and, above all, University shams. It can do little good to call the Methodist Connexion "the first religious co-operative stores, where we sly-uns supply a cheap article, and warrant that everything is home-made;" but it is well that our mutual-admiration should now and then get a shock, and therefore we recommend to optimists this history of Count Flaschenbürste, son of Satan by his latest spouse, Mrs. Bamboozle Cant. The Count goes to Oxford; Dr. Filledful, Mr. Steady Swig, &c., being offered as portraits of dons, whose toadyism of vulgar fools like Lord Peppercorn is surely exaggerated, though Mrs. Filledful's refusal to introduce the Count to her governess, Miss Poppit, is not. While he is at Oxford his father dies, despite the Salvation Army, which can scarcely hope to get on without him; and a ladies' deputation asks Lord Gooseberry to proclaim at Exeter Hall that Satan is not dead, but vitally divided, and therefore more dangerous than ever. Enough of this stuff, which includes a dinner at All Bones' College, where the airy talk of Oxford Common Rooms is travestied; and which ends with the Count's ordination as the Rev. W. Wood!

Dr. Rochet's "Prototype of Man" (Baillière and Co.), translated by Dr. Carter Blake, will be very valuable to those whom the teaching of Drs. Fau and Knox has led to think seriously on the principles of anatomy as fixing a scale of human proportion. The illustrations of the female form ought to startle those who believe in waspy waists and "improvers."

The author of "Across Chrysè" has a right to be listened to when he treats of "The Opening of China" (Field and Tuer), but it hardly needed Mr. A. R. Colquhoun to tell us that our China merchants confess they "are not working for posterity." If they were, he is sure they would go in strongly for railways, which would help to develop "China for the Chinese" as well for us. The book is a reprint of letters to the *Times*.

"The Field of Honor" (New York : Fords ; London : Triübner) is a misnomer, seeing that much of Major Truman's book is filled up with the record of rowdy fights between American bullies. The Major makes no attempt at chronological arrangement, running lightly from 1813 to 1711 and back to 1854 within the compass of a page. He enlivens the monotony of ordinary "affairs" by telling about Archbishop Blackburn and other duelling clergymen, and about some notable female duels, and some between men and women. He mentions, without endorsing it, the tradition that Count d'Esterre was imported into Dublin and put into the Corporation for the sole purpose of killing O'Connell. The book is very sad reading; Society was so long blind to the fact that a man with a family could not by any choice of weapons be "equally matched" with a bachelor.

"The Gazetteer of the World" (Jack, Ludgate Hill), of which three out of the nine promised volumes are before us, gives special prominence to our home and colonial Empire, and to the United States. Indeed, it is more American than anything else; for instance, after having gone through some fifteen Bentons (oh, the poverty of Transatlantic nomenclature!) ranging from Maine to California, your eye is caught by Berea, and you learn that that misspelt "post-village" has seven churches, and an extensive quarry of grindstones; while if you turn to Banwell you find that (shade of Dr. Buckland!) the bone-cave which gives the place its name is not even mentioned. Still, though Argoree occupies more space than Argos, and Barnsbury is described by anticipation as a "ward," the book is, on the whole, well done, and the maps (Boston Harbour, and the Bristol Channel, and Petermann's Sea of Aral among them) are clear, and not overloaded with names. The views, some of them retouched from Finden, are interesting; and the information is, in all cases, brought up to date. The book, supplied only to subscribers, well merits support.

Mrs. Marshall is a practised story writer; and she has never used her pen to better purpose than when writing "In the East Country with Sir Thomas Browne" (Seeley). The author of "Religio Medici" was a great letter-writer; and from his letters to his children, and what else she could glean from Simon Wilkin, Mrs. Marshall has constructed a very pleasing romance, of which the sailor son, "honest Tom," is the hero, and a Puritan maiden, Amphyllis Windham, the heroine. For every point in her account of Charles II.'s visit to Norwich the authoress has authority; as she has for the belief in witchcraft which made good Sir Thomas a party to several innocent deaths.

Not even when all concerned have passed away can one tell all as frankly as Mr. C. A. Bampton purports to do about "Frank Leward" (Kegan Paul). Leward's schoolboy letters, his characterising the Doctor as "a beastly old ass," his spelling (which he never mended), and his disregard of stops, are delicious. His last school exploit was swarming up the high window and dropping down to get some beer and "grub" for a supper. His brother "sneaked," and the Doctor was waiting, and down the rope hand over hand Frank went into his arms, "and one of the bottles went off and all over him." His father's consequent letter—"deeper and deeper into the Slough of Despond have you fallen . . . Of course we cannot receive you at home for the coming Christmas"—is a "caution." It makes us pretty certain that the whole thing is a story in the form of letters. Anyhow, it is a fascinating book; Frank goes to sea, and to the Crimea, and after a stormy life has a calm sunny evening.

In the second edition of "Wild Tribes of the Soudan" (Murray) Mr. F. L. James has curtailed the shooting incidents, and added an account of the country (now particularly interesting) between Wady Halfah and Berber. The introductory chapter by Sir S. Baker "on the political aspect of the Soudan" adds much to the interest of this edition. Sir Samuel, who maintains that "Too late!" is the motto of

the British Government, and that whoever holds Khartoum will dominate Lower Egypt, does not hesitate to characterise the policy of abandoning the Soudan as dastardly.

Miss Chreiman's Lecture on the "Physical Education of Girls" (Clowes and Sons) is as useful as any of the Healtheries' Literature. Miss Chreiman really believes in the threatened degeneracy of female physique. No one, she is sure, will say that our girls walk or even sit well. Besides gymnastics, she brings out the value of proper respiration (diaphragmatic breathing), as explained in Brown and Behnke's "Voice, Speech, and Song."

MINOR BOOKS.—Small capitalists and those who wish to put out their spare money to the best advantage will find much valuable help in "Matthieson's Vade Mecum for Investors for 1885" (Effingham Wilson). This carefully-compiled work contains brief summaries of the dates, amounts, and prices of issue of all Home, Colonial, and Foreign Government loans, full information with regard to railway and other securities, together with the amounts of dividends last paid.—In fact just the details required by the ordinary investor.—The success of "John Bull et son Ile" has probably inspired Mr. Albert Rhodes to write "Monsieur at Home" (Field and Tuer). The book is an amusing and careful analysis of French character and of French manners and customs, written in a pleasant sympathetic tone, which is in no way calculated to wound any but hyper-susceptible Gauls. The author has lived a long time in France, and is well acquainted with all phases of French character; and, though some of his anecdotes are certainly not told for the first time, his little work is eminently worth reading.—Messrs. Blackwood have sent us the Fourth Standard Reading Book of their Educational Series, edited by Professor Meiklejohn. It is carefully compiled, being full of amusing and interesting stories, well illustrated and easy reading.—"Thom's Official Directory" (Alex. Thom and Co., Limited, Dublin), of which the forty-second annual publication is now before us, contains as usual an excellently arranged compendium of information concerning the British Empire generally, but especially concerning Ireland. In fact about Ireland it is the book.—Lovers of strange and stirring adventures, and of marvellous scientific inventions, such as Jules Verne is wont to recount, will revel in the "Amphibion's Voyage," by Mr. Parker Gillmore (W. H. Allen and Co.). Mr. Gillmore, however, lacks the delicate touch and seeming realism of his Gallic contemporary, and there is a good deal of vulgarity displayed by one of his characters which is wholly superfluous. Still the voyage round the world in a wonderful craft which travels sixty miles an hour on the water, and traverses the land with almost as much facility, is not without interest, while the sporting scenes are described with a spirit and vivacity not unworthy of the author of "The Great Thirst Land."—Mr. T. C. Hepworth is so well known in the lecturing world that numbers will welcome his little manual, "The Magic Lantern and Its Management" (Chatto and Windus). In a popular easy style he gives directions comprehensible to the merest tyro for the management of the various kinds of optical lanterns, for making and colouring lantern slides, for showing solid and opaque subjects on the screen, and for making oxygen gas for the limelight. We wish all manuals were as clear, concise, and practical as this.

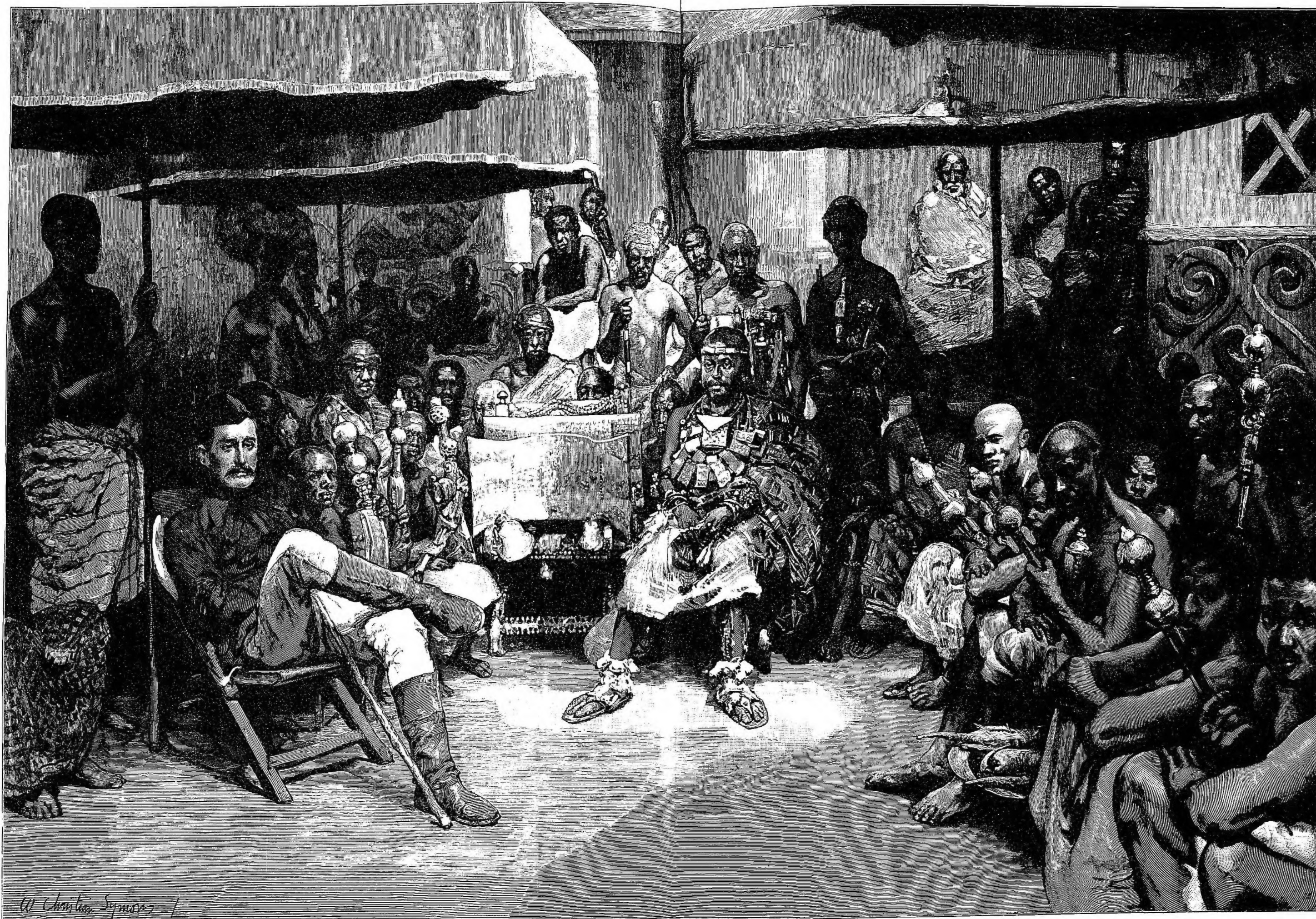


K. DAVISON.—From hence comes nothing but instrumental music. "Sacred March in E" for the pianoforte, by A. J. Bradley, is well written, and not lacking in dignity.—"The Squire's Wedding" is a merry gavotte for the pianoforte, by Farley Newman.—From Louis Honig come a brace of pieces for the pianoforte very different in style, the one "Echoes of Caledonia," a fantasia on Scotch airs, very brilliantly arranged, which will please admirers of this somewhat obsolete school, and "Der Heldenmarsch," which is after the modern German school.—"My Little Beauty Polka" and "My Bonnie Lassie Scottische," by the above composer, are very fair specimens of dance music.

MESSRS. KEPPEL AND CO.—There is such a constant demand for something new in music as well as other things that some of our best song-writers and composers are led (if we may use the term) to dilute their talents in order to meet the public requirements. For example, "In After Years," written and composed by Cotsford Dick, will be pronounced "a pretty song" but there is a lack of sterling merit in it; the music is superior to the poetry.—There is no pretension in "At the Fair," written and composed by Luscombe Searelle, a cheerful little song for a tenor, who will find it useful for an encore at a musical reading.—"We've Said Farewell," words by Madame Rosita Foli, music by Tito Mattei, is sentimental to agony point, written for a contralto.—"A Passing Cloud," words by "A. W.," music by Harriet Young, is a pretty love song for a tenor.—"Bright Days of My Childhood," words by Mrs. Pitt Draffen, music by John Thomas, is suitable for a young soprano just leaving the school room.—Again comes a tender poem by Mary Mark Lemon. "Can You Forget?" has been charmingly set to music by Joseph L. Roeckel, published in C and in E flat.—By the same composer are two pieces for the pianoforte—"Old Chelsea," a quaint dance, and "Regal March;" both will prove useful for after-dinner performance.—"Toujours Fidèle" is the title of a waltz by Albert Rosenberg; the music is pleasing, and so is the frontispiece.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Merry Little Songs for Merry Little Folk," is a little volume which will give genuine pleasure in the nursery and school-room; the words, by the late L. H. F. du Terreaux, are simple and telling, and the same may be said of the music by A. Randegger.—Decidedly out of the common groove is a graceful song for tenor, "Autumn Serenade," the words translated from the French by Henry H. Leigh, music by J. Massenet. By the same collaborateur is a dainty little song, "To Columbine," translated from the French of Louis Gallet.—Replete with pathos is "The Shadowed Home," written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and Suchet Champion.—"A Christmas March," for organ and pianoforte, by William Hill, is more suitable for the former than the latter instrument.—A violinist who is in search of a melodious solo for the drawing-room will find it in "Slumber Song," composed by H. Weist Hill.—"Love Knots," by Annie Tait, is a fairly good waltz as far as rhythm goes, but the melody is lacking in originality.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Very elegant and original in design and execution is "Almanaco della Gazzetta Musicale di Milano," with twelve characteristic sketches for the pianoforte, by J. Burgheim, illustrated by Montalti, words by F. Fontana (Messrs. Ricordi).—Those of our readers who are interested in the services of the "Servite Church" will appreciate three "Servite Litanies" (A, congregational; B, special or solo; C, various), composed by Thomas S. Smith (Alphonse Bertini).—A compliment has been paid to our journal by O. Kilbey, who has named a polka of his composition "The Graphic," the music is above the average of this class of pieces (Messrs. Willcocks and Co.).—"The Silver Ripple Polka," by Herbert Scott, is showy and the time is well marked (Messrs. Conrad, Herzog, and Co.).—"Practice and Pleasure" is the collective title of a series of easy original airs for the pianoforte, by Thomas S. Smith (F. Pitman).



A PALAVER IN ASHANTEE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN KING QUACO DUAH, OF COOMASSIE, AND THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER

THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE:

A MODERN INDIAN IDYLL

MR. AJAX DRIBBLE, of the Bengal Civil Service, was one of the shyest men it was possible to meet. His father, a lover of Homer, was partly responsible for this in giving him a name so unusual and unbecoming; the rest of the responsibility, including weak knees, attenuated legs, and red hair, probably attaches to his mother; but in compensation she gave him a beautiful pair of brown eyes like a deer's—such as women love to look upon—and whose liquid brilliancy even competition and a pair of blue spectacles were not wholly able to spoil. Ajax adored the sex, but only at a distance. Female conversation frightened him because he had little experience of it. All his time in England had been spent with crammers, and all his time in India was taken up with *cutcherry*. Between the two he had enjoyed no opportunities of cultivating the Graces, and although many an Indian maid and matron was disposed to smile encouragingly upon him for the sake of his appointment and his eyes, Mr. Dribble led the life of a recluse with the one, and concealed the others under his blue goggles.

It happened one day that the Judge of Jugpooree found himself on the platform of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway at Bombay *en route* to the head-quarters of his district. He had taken his ticket, and was scanning the train with a view to an empty first-class carriage. He was very short-sighted, and was just on the point of getting into one seemingly vacant car, when he was hastily checked by the guard, who pointed sternly to a printed board fastened to the door, announcing that it was "For Ladies Only." At the same time Mr. Dribble became dimly conscious of its occupation by a young girl, and retreated hastily. The guard hustled him into the next compartment of the same carriage—for the train was just starting—and Ajax sank down on a seat in blushing confusion, thankful that he had not, however unintentionally, committed the terrible crime of getting into a ladies' compartment on an Indian railway.

By-and-by, and as the train rattled on, he recovered himself; arranged his despatch boxes, hand-bags, rugs, and tiffin-basket, and took out a very interesting Commentary on the Indian Penal Code for his diversion. And so deeply interested was he in this instructive volume of legal lore, that he never noticed the circumstance of the folding doors between the two compartments of the carriage having slid apart with the jolting of the train. When he *did* look up, it was to encounter the half-amused, half-alarm gaze of a very nice-looking girl, who was partly sitting up, partly reclining, a yellow novel in her hand, as if doubtful what to do. Mr. Dribble was confounded. He grew very red, and, turning his back on this apparition, began pulling his trunks about, pretending he had never seen her. But the rogue knew in his heart that her figure was what is called *svette*, that her hair was very golden, and cropped over her forehead like a poodle's, and that she had a seal-skin jacket on—which was rather unusual in India. After a time he ventured, while stooping, to steal a glance through his legs in an attitude approved of for frightening mad dogs, and saw that the two half-doors were being brought together again. He also heard a smothered laugh. Then Ajax grew redder than ever, and brushed his hair up with both hands till he looked like a cockatoo, or Mr. Toots. The door was, however, fastened, and with something blue. That was a comfort, and Mr. Dribble betook himself to the Penal Code again. But somehow that something blue got between him and the page, or between the lines. Every moment he raised his eyes to look at it and at the crevice it left, and it was in vain that he turned his beautiful eyes on green paddy fields outside the carriage window—they always came back again to that something blue.

At last he could restrain his curiosity no longer, and stole softly to the door. The something blue was a lady's stocking, and Ajax almost fainted. For stockings are elastic, and this one stretched, stretched, stretched, slowly with the motion, till lo! there was Mr. Dribble in the attitude of a male monster peeping curiously into the haven of the unprotected. At the same moment the girl in the other compartment ran the two doors together, and this time fastened them with something yellow. Our excellent Ajax was seriously disturbed at this; all the more that in a great effort at gallantry he had made a show of closing the door himself, and had touched the unknown's fingers as the consequence. But he returned to the Penal Code—after kissing his own fingers. That was a very strange thing for Mr. Dribble to do. And yet he smiled as he did it. Then he began to read an illustration of what is "Intent to do bodily harm," as when A. fixes a rope across the towing-path of a canal, with a view to precipitate X. into the water. The illustration made him look at the door again, and lo! this time it was badly tied with a *garter*! There was no mistake about it—buckle, and all; and now the tying was more elastic than ever. But the girl was not to be seen through the doors ajar; she had changed her seat.

"She is shy, poor thing! like myself," Mr. Dribble thought. "A rare and meritorious thing in a girl. I will fasten that most unlucky door myself. But if the guard should see me! What misinterpretation!" He grew pale at the thought. "Nevertheless this can't go on," he muttered; "so here goes."

"What are you doing?" inquired a sweet voice from the other side, as Ajax began to fumble with a trunk strap.

There was just a tremor of alarm in the voice, "I am g-g-g-oing to fasten the d-d-d-door, Miss," replied the stuttering Ajax. "Have you a-a-a-ny objection?"

"Oh! none at all, if you haven't," said the voice drily.

"I'm Mr. D-d-dribble, of the Bengal Civil Service; so you need not be al-a-armed, you know," said he, squinting through the crevice to see her.

"Oh! certainly not. I always carry a loaded revolver with me," she added.

Mr. Dribble did not like this at all.

"I am the District Judge of Jug-g-g-poorie," he said loftily.

"Are you going there?—so am I."

"That's very nice," said Ajax. "I wish I could fasten this door."

She laughed.

"Let me help you from inside," she said. And again their fingers touched. But the more they tried to fix the strap the more the doors would go ajar.

"Let it alone," said the girl peevishly. "I am not afraid of you—only if the guard comes?"

"The train will have st-o-o-opped then," he observed cunningly; "and the door will be sh-h-h-u-t."

"True; and heedless of the door, which was now half open, she took up her novel and began to read again.

Ajax returned to his Penal Code, but without success.

"Have you anything to eat?" he inquired after a pause.

She held up a paper bag.

"Buns."

"Oh! but this will never do; you must have some ti-f-fin, you know."

He dragged out his tiffin basket and carried it into her compartment. She could only make a gesture of dissent.

The basket contained a *paté de foie gras*, a delicious French roll, and a flask of champagne; for Dribble was an Indian Judge, and liked to live well.

"You are very kind; but—"

"Oh! but you must; you look quite white and fa-a-int."

She laughed as Ajax uncorked the flask and handed her a glass of sparkling wine.

"What would papa say?"

"Who is p-p-papa?"

"Colonel Kinglake, of the Jugpoorie Horse."

"Indeed! I never met him; but then I am only going to Jugpoorie for the first time. A new ap-p-pointment, you know. Have some *paté* now; just a little bit?"

She had some *paté*, laughing.

"I never had anything so good at the Misses Slater's—our school at Putney," she explained.

"It is really quite romantic, is it not?" taking off his spectacles to drink out of her glass, which she returned to him.

"What beautiful eyes he has, and what dreadful red hair," she thought. "But auroline would cure *that*."

In fact, it had cured *her*.

They ate their tiffin, and Mr. Dribble's stutter almost disappeared with the confidence begotten of generous wine.

"We shall be great friends at Jugpoorie," he said.

"I hope so; but, oh dear! what's that—?"

She was thrown against him with some violence, and the bottle fell to the ground. At the same time the doors were clashed together with a bang. *The train had run over a bullock.* There was much confusion and shouting; and presently it pulled up altogether.

"The guard!—the guard! Oh, what will become of me!" cried Miss Kinglake in dismay.

"Don't be al-l-armed," stammered Ajax. "I'm off." But he wasn't. That wretched door! When he tried to open it, it was fast, and he was on the wrong side.

"Oh, here's the guard coming! Anywhere. Under the seat."

Mr. Dribble dived obediently, and remained for some time in a most cramped and ignominious position. He was not a moment too soon; for he overheard the guard directly afterwards telling the young lady not to be alarmed; that it was only a bullock, and they were going on again. Which they did.

By-and-bye Ajax put out a scared face. He had got incipient cramp in his leg.

"May I come out?" he asked timidly.

"No; certainly not. I hate you; I abominate you." And she looked it, too.

"Why wh-h-hat have I done?" marvelling at the inconsistencies of womenkind.

"What have you *not* done? What would the guard have thought had he seen you—here?"

"But he di-d-d-n't see me, you know," pleaded Ajax cunningly.

"Pish! Go back to your own carriage—out of the window, if you like." She tossed her head angrily.

"Are you really so distressed?" falling on his knees—and hands, "alas! Oh! forgive me."

"Never. Not if I lived a thousand years" (spitefully).

"Is there no-o-o-thing I can do; no-o-o-thing?"

"No."

"Dear Miss Kinglake, d-d-dearest Miss Kinglake—"

He looked so absurd on his knees and hands that she could not but laugh.

"Do get up and open your door. That is more to the point, unless you want to be caught again. Mind, if you *are*, I shall scream and say you are a robber."

Dolefully Ajax tried to open the treacherous door, and even to pick the lock. She assisted him with a silver fork; but their efforts were vain.

"We are caught like rats in a tr-r-ap," said he.

"Then," said she, "you must go to prison."

A Judge in prison! Ajax found his tongue at the prospect.

"You will say you're my wi-i-fe," he said confidently.

"I would much rather say you were a robber," she retorted sarcastically; "and it would be just as easy, too."

"But I loved you," pleaded Ajax, "ever since you tied the door with your sto-o-ck—"

She flushed as red as her admirer's hair.

"I'll never speak one word to you again," snatching away her hand which Ajax had grasped with ardour.

"Only this once. Only one li-i-tle word—Yes."

"No, No, No, No, No, No. Six times No. Oh, goodness! this is too delightful! Another bullock!"

But it was not. Only a jolt as the train rushed over the points of a siding. It was sufficient, however, to slide the doors ajar again; and Miss Kinglake blessed her stars for an escape from a very embarrassing situation. As for Ajax, the train slowing, he had nothing for it but to get into his own compartment. But how mixed his feelings when he heard his imperious neighbour call the Guard at the station and desire him to securely lock the doors, which he did.

After this the unlucky Ajax had no resource but the Penal Code. Once he ventured to knock, but there was no reply. For the rest of the journey he had to travel alone. At midnight they arrived at Jugpoorie, and Mr. Dribble saw a tall, soldierly man help his fair neighbour out of her carriage. After a kiss or two and observations as to how she had grown, Ajax heard him say, "Duty could not spare me to Bombay; but I hope you got on all right, Lotta, in the ladies' carriage."

"Oh yes, dear papa; only I was rather afraid of *robbers*."

Ajax caught a flash of her eyes under the gas lamp as she said this. Next moment she was gone.

A curious thing followed. The Recluse of Ramnugger, as Ajax was called in his last station, broke out as the Jovial Judge of Jugpoorie. Dribble went everywhere, and was to be seen at every dance. He also discarded his goggles. His thin legs gave him a great advantage in waltzing, and he was always waltzing, when he could, with—Miss Kinglake. Mrs. Kinglake was delighted.

"So genial and accomplished," she said; "and so tender."

"Eighteen hundred rupees a month," said the more practical Colonel.

"But there must be auroline," murmured Lotta to herself. And there was. When Mr. and Mrs. Dribble returned to Jugpoorie from their honeymoon at Mussoorie, it was everywhere remarked that the happy bridegroom's locks were golden. But this created no surprise. Society's verdict was that they used the same bottle. But during the honeymoon the bride teased Ajax to disclose what it was he so carefully concealed in his bosom. And one day the sentimental Ajax pulled out—a yellow garter!

"Why!" she exclaimed, "I lost that ever so long ago."

"Not so very long," said he; "you lost it in—the Railway Carriage."

F. E. W.

THE IMPERTINENT BRITISH SPARROW, which has proved far too successful an importation in the United States, now not only ousts native birds from their nests, but has taken to gold-stealing. One sparrow turned two robins from a nest in the Philadelphia Mint, and began to haunt the building, picking up crumbs in the smelting-room, and making himself quite at home. Lately a boy peeped into the sparrow's nest to look for young ones, and noticed that the inside perfectly sparkled with gold. Taking the nest out, it was found to be completely carpeted with several layers of gold-dust, which the sparrow had carried off in his feathers, and shaken out when making his toilet. Speaking of gold-collecting, a carpet from the San Francisco Mint has yielded 505½ worth of gold-dust, which had fallen in imperceptible particles during five years' use.

BOYS' BANE

If ever there was an author who thoroughly understood what was the real nature of a boy, that author was Captain Marryat. There is this peculiarity in his writings—his boys are boys. Run through a list of familiar names, and recal their adventures, and it will be seen that they were boys, thought as boys, and did boyish things. They were of all kinds: the wise, the stupid, the brave, the cowardly. There were boys who were sneaks, and boys who were bullies; but they were genuine boys, and in spite of several little coarsenesses of expression natural to the naval officer of the time, our old master of this particular class of fiction has given us the most wholesome boys' reading that can be found.

Peter Simple never belied his name in his greenhorn days; but he was a fine fellow, brave without ostentation. Percival Keene was the greatest pickle that ever lived, save Tommy Dorr. Argumentative Jack Easy's name brings up a host of possible adventure. Jacob Faithful—who could ever forget Jacob, and young Tom? What careers they had, what lives theirs were, and what a frank, natural, boyish spirit pervades those lives, so that without seeking to teach, Captain Marryat taught, the lesson being imperceptible to its recipient. In short, when turning over the leaves of this genial old master's books, one is tempted to cry like an Irish keener, "Worrastrue! Why did ye die?"

Of course we have writers now who from time to time turn out good, wholesome boys' stories; but what a number we have who do not, but in obedience to the will of the editors or proprietors of popular periodicals for youth, invent young monsters or demons, who never could by any possibility have lived, and never will. What is more, these boy-heroes are generally about sixteen or seventeen, and to give interest to the story it is necessary that there should be a lady for him to worship.

The hero is generally a molluscous-looking effeminate creature, duly depicted by the artist, and he always carries a sword. He is a long way from having attained his growth or ceased to be a loose-jointed hobbledohoy, but the feats he performs are astounding. He is surrounded by enemies who are "vile caitiff dogs" or "miscreants," and with one sweep of his trenchant blade he scatters them, astounded by his bravery. This quality in him is something terrible, and the way in which he cleaves one "base hound from scone to chine," gashes another across the cheek; runs another through; cuts down another, and generally defeats six or seven with the greatest ease is most praiseworthy for so flabby and girlish a being.

Hero of goodness and rectitude, he is a wonder, but there is always blood. He cuts chins and disjoins human nature most hideously. His enemies at the end of the tale must, such as are left alive, resemble a loin of pork prepared for the spit.

Of course all this is in defence of outraged virtue and innocency; but what must the brains of boys become who are nursed upon such nauseous stuff? Every boy has more or less often cut his finger, and can recal the sick sensation, the throbbing and the pain of the half-inch of his flesh. Does he ever realise then what one of the smallest cuts that these romance heroes give really means?

Again, these boy heroes are often "gallant" horsemen, which is the romance writer's form of the more modern term plucky. They ride the most fiery and untamed of steeds, which they guide with the greatest ease. Shying, rearing, kicking, and bucking are nothing to them, and it is very rare that they get into the saddle in the matter-of-fact way of putting one foot in the stirrup, and so reaching the seat. They fling themselves on to their steeds, or they leap with one bound into the saddle; while now and then some soft-roed young monster, who is gifted with muscles of iron and nerves of steel, clasps a fair maiden, runs with her for some distance upon his arm, and then, with his pursuers at his heels, leaps with the maiden upon his charger's back, and gallops away.

What wretched stuff is this! Samson is not chronicled as being an equestrian, or probably he could have performed this feat; but what trained acrobat of a circus ever lived who could take ever so slight a woman upon his left arm, and leap upon a horse's back—in other words, burdened with a hundredweight avoirdupois, more or less? And yet it is written, and boys read with avidity this lying trash, which sometimes is made more impossible still by the writer casing the heroine's Spring-Heeled Jack in complete armour.

Now we do read in ancient chronicles that those human lobsters the knights of old were often in what Touchstone calls such a parlous state when in full panoply of mail, that if knocked off their horses, or if they overbalanced themselves and fell off, they were unable to get up again without the aid of their squires, who set them up again like skittles, ready to be bowled down again by the next ball. And yet your boy hero of romance thinks nothing of this shell of steel when about to mount with his lady fair; and once in the saddle, goes lightly pricking over the plain.

This is but one kind of thrilling story devoured with unwholesome appetite, which acquires the taste, and asks for more with additional spice. Under a score of different aliases your boy highwayman pistols and robs and revels, and your boy burglar crapes or half-masks his beardless features, wielding crowbars like toothpicks in his war against society, and lavishes his gold like dross—always "like dross." Stout men, and even brave men, quail before them. They always "quail," and whatever their determination in other situations, "yield" at the command of the Penny Weekly boy, so grand in muscle and might, so girlish in his make. He always has hands of the most delicate mould; his features are "chiselled" by the writer, and beside being so magnificent in his strength of arm, leg, and chest, and back, like the gardener's friend in *Punch*, he has it also in his head, for he can drain wine cups innumerable without the slightest effect. In short, he is a hero who, if the truth were told, would howl like any other boy at a sharp cut from a cane.

Enough of this mixture: it is poison for our youth. Let us have a page of honest old Marryat for antidote to the wretched bane.

G. M. F.

SONG

WHEN will the Spring-tide come? The sun
Sinks later 'neath the Western down;
But yet the woods are sad and dun,
And yet the meads are bare and brown!
Cruel and cold across the wild
Howls the raw blast: the sky o'erhead
Deep wrapped in shroud of gloomiest cloud;
And every summer flower is dead!

When will the Spring-tide come? O when
Shall cowslips gild the streamlet's bank;
And king-cups glitter o'er the glen,
Now reeking moisture, damp and dank:
While hidden away in copses grey
Coy violets bloom in beauty wild,
And a tender breeze waves the budding trees,
Like the soft-sobbed breath of a dreaming child.

When will the Spring-time come? The thrush
Sweet trols his heart from woodland bleak,
Blithe, as though now the heavenly flush
Of Summer's bliss he strove to speak:
But oh! how we long for the burst of song—
The full glad burst of boundless glee—
That around shall rise when the winter dies,
And the Southern warblers wing o'er the sea!
G. M. G.

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"Winchester, July 13, 1884.—Sir,—I write to tell you what your FRUIT SALT has done for me. During the Zulu War, General O'Neill and myself had occasion to survey the Maputa River. We had great difficulties in stowing sufficient fresh water for our use, and were obliged on our return to drink the river water—water you may call it, but I call it liquid mud; mud banks both sides, a tropical sun all day, and a miasmatic dew all night. We had the good fortune, however, to have with us a couple of bottles of your invaluable FRUIT SALT, and never took the 'water' without a judicious admixture of it, and so did not suffer from the loathsome concoction. Now, when we arrived at Lorenzo Marquay, there was no more FRUIT SALT to be obtained. I was sent on to Durban, but poor Mr. O'Neill was on the flat of his back with ague. At Durban I could only get one bottle, as every one was sold out, it being so much in demand. When I mention that we only went in a small boat with four niggers, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully equipped boats, had tried the survey before, and only got forty miles (having lost the greater part of their crews through the malaria), while we got over eighty miles, I think I am only doing justice in putting our success down to your excellent preparation.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A. LIEUTENANT, R.N., F.R.G.S. To J. C. ENO, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E."

PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of Her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran:

"It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meevch, which was no less in fact translated than ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM.—December, 1884.—To J. C. ENO, Esq."

EGYPT.—CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate

occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration to health and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A. CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, 26th May, 1883. Mr. J. C. ENO."

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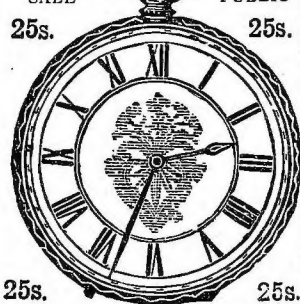
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